

THE
PUPIL
FOR
SABBATH SCHOOLS,
BY J.M. Kieffer

CLEVELAND:
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dying; Bright Things
Paris; My love is gone
when she speaks; Over
Strike the harp Waltz;
mer Roses fade? Faus'

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think of the days tha
have loved Thee; Ang
Alone in the Lane; Th
out the Stars; When th
Music on the Waters; I
Those other Times; N
Dundee; Castles in the

No. 3.—Twenty *to*
you call as you pass
Joseph; Captain Jinks;
Man from the Count
Thousand Pounds a Y
peze; The Artful Old S
the Golden Hair; The
Wheel; Paddle your
Come in and Shut the
Mr. Jones; Bright Eye
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the Lord; Evening Hymn; Guide
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shall be my Sacred Shrine; When
Give Glory to God; The Lord is in
d, Oh my God; The spacious Fir-
d.

Piano Pieces—Elenore; Drift-
te O'Shame; Sweetest Eyes Polka;
Dream; Young Folks Polka; I love
Merrily, I pass the time; I built a
Redowa; United States Victory
netimes; Fire Bell Galop; Herem-
t frown on me, Darling; Garnet

Comic and Sentimental Songs.—
at Brighton; You Bid Me Go; The
t here, I Pray? Come, Disappointed,

Come; Zulena; Up in a Balloon; 'Tis Sweet to Look Back, sometimes;
By and By; The Kiss on the Stairs; Nellie Malone; In the Upper
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In the preparation of "THE PEARL," the great aim has been the uplifting of the Blessed Savior, which is a need manifest throughout the entire domain of religious thought. Only such words have been used as place Jesus Christ complete Head; and present, in a subordinate plane of thought, the Sabbath School, the teacher, and the minor means which children are too apt to exalt. The child that is taught to love Jesus, will readily love the place where it can learn of Him, and the teacher who teaches of Him. The music is all fresh and new, and in full sympathy with the spirit of the words, and with sufficient merit to become favorite wherever sung.

It is certainly hoped that, with a holy end in view, "THE PEARL" may usefully accomplish its mission, which, culminating in the Divine Son of God, will be to direct many to the Pearl of Great Price, for whose treasures alone all should make diligent search.

J. M. KIEFFER.

THE PEARL.

THE SAVIOR'S PRAISE WE SING.

WM. T. ROGERS.

1. Hark! hark! the notes of joy, Roll o'er the heavenly plains, And seraphs find em-ploy For their sublimest strains;
2. Hark! hark! the sound draws nigh; The joyful hosts descend; The Lord forsakes the sky; To earth His footsteps bend;
3. Bear, bear the tidings round; Let ev'- ry mortal know What love in God is found, What pit - y He can show;
4. Strike, strike the harps again, To great Immanuel's name; A - rise, ye sons of men, And all His grace proclaim;

Some new delight in Heaven is known; Loud sound the harps around the throne, Loud sound the harps around the throne.
He comes to bless our fallen race; He comes with mes-sages of grace, He comes with mes - sages of grace.
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll, Con-vey the news from pole to pole, Con - vey the news from pole to pole.
An - gels and men, wake ev'-ry string; 'Tis God the Savior's praise we sing, 'Tis God the Savior's praise we sing.

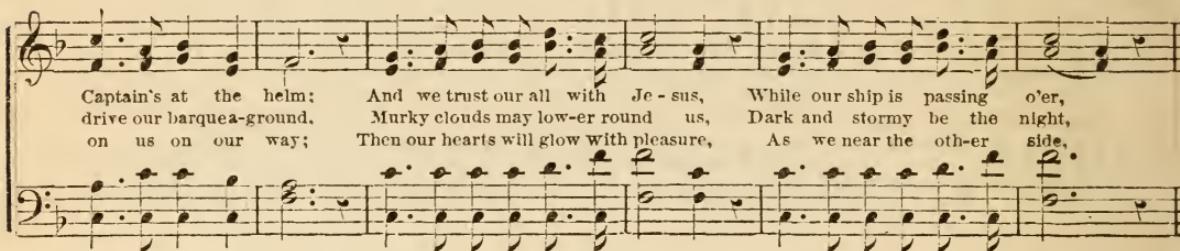
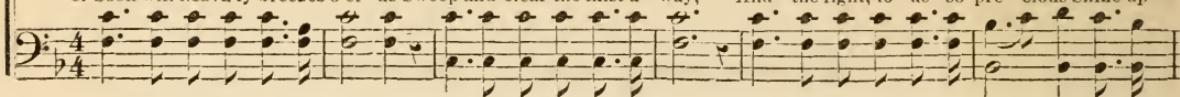
WE ARE SAILING O'ER LIFE'S OCEAN.

Mrs. E. A. ROWLEY.

Wm. T. ROGERS.

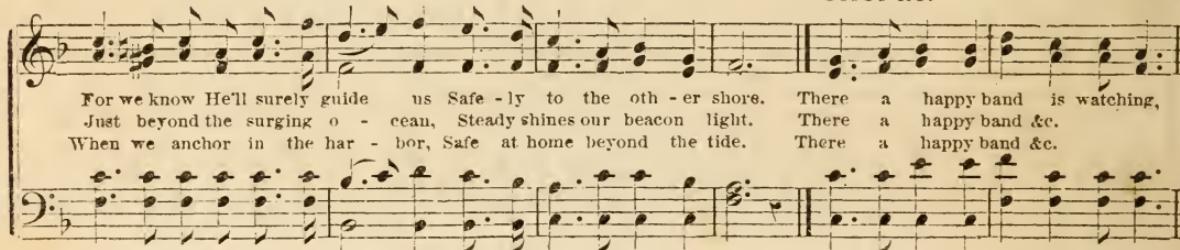


1. We are sailing o'er life's ocean, To a fair and peaceful realm, Fearing not the wave's commo - tion, For our
2. There are dangers near our pathway, Rocks and shoals lie thick around; Adverse winds may rise at noon - day Which may
3. Soon will heavenly breezes o'er us Sweep and clear the mist a - way, And the light, to us so pre - cious Shine up-



Captain's at the helm; And we trust our all with Je - sus, While our ship is passing o'er,
 drive our barquea-ground. Murky clouds may low-er round us, Dark and stormy be the night,
 on us on our way; Then our hearts will glow with pleasure, As we near the oth-er side.

Chorus.



For we know He'll surely guide us Safe - ly to the oth - er shore. There a happy band is watching,
 Just beyond the surging o - cean, Steady shines our beacon light. There a happy band &c.
 When we anchor in the har - bor, Safe at home beyond the tide. There a happy band &c.

While we stem the ocean's foam, They are waiting to receive us, Walt to chant our welcome home.

JESUS WE LOVE TO MEET.

H. D. MUNSON.

Duet.

Cho.

Duet.

Cho.

1. Jesus, we love to meet On this, thy holy day; We worship at thy feet, On this thy holy day.

Semi-Cho.

Cho.

Thou tender, heavenly Friend, To Thee our prayers ascend; O'er our young spirits bend On this thy ho-ly day.

2. We dare not trifle now, On this thy holy day,
In silent awe we bow, On this thy holy day.
Check every wandering thought,
And let us all be taught
To serve Thee as we ought,
On this thy holy day.

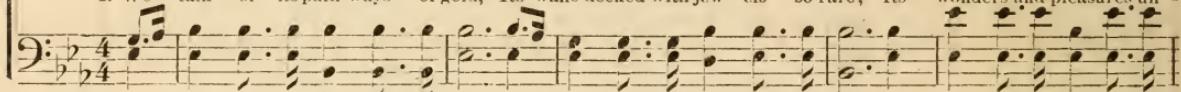
3. We listen to thy word, On this thy holy day.
Bless all that we have heard, On this thy holy day,
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart,
On this thy holy day.

WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE!

J. M. KIEFFER.



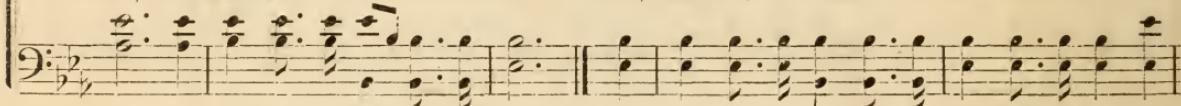
1. We talk of the realms of the bless'd, That country so bright and so fair, And oft are its glories con -
 2. We talk of its path-ways of gold, Its walls decked with jew - els so rare; Its wonders and pleasures un -



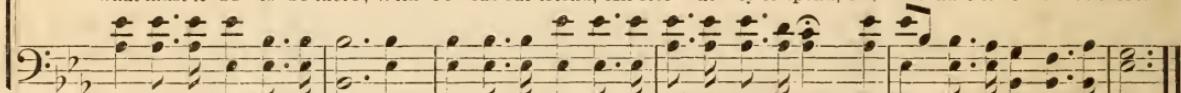
Chorus.



fess'd, But what must it be to be there! Oh, what must it be to be there, Oh,
 told, But what must it be to be there! Oh, what must it be &c. Oh,



what must it be to be there; With Je - sus our friend, All eter - ni - ty to spend, Oh, what must it be to be there.



3. We talk of its freedom from sin,
 From sorrow, temptation and care,
 From trials without and within;
 But what must it be to be there!

CHORUS.

4. We talk of its peace and its-love,
 The robes which the glorified wear;
 The songs of the blessed above,
 But what must it be to be there!

CHORUS.

ON THIS PLEASANT SABBATH DAY.

7

From the "Prize," by permission.
GEO. F. ROOT.

1. { On this pleasant Sab-bath day, Let us sing a joy - ful lay, To the God who reigns in
He has kept us thro' the week, And to - day His smiles we seek, And we hum - bly ask His

earth and heav'n above. } Sing, O sing a joy - ful song, Youthful hearts the strain prolong, Let us
blessing and his love. {

ask the Lord we praise, In our best and sweetest lays, For his blessing in our hap - py Sabbath throng.

2. He has kept us free from harm by His kind and mighty arm,
And He gives us here His word to guide our feet;
May we learn it now in love, and direct our thoughts above,
Where about His throne the happy angels meet.

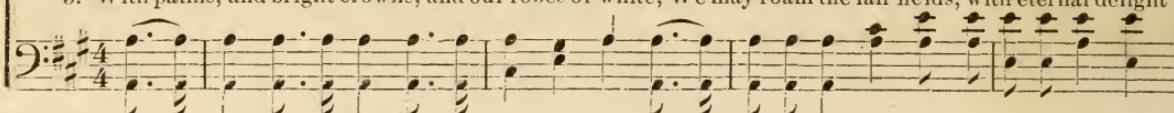
3. Praise to Him who will not fail when our enemies assail,
And when dangers cluster thickly where we stand,
He will bring us safe at last, where the dangers all are past,
To our happy home in His celestial land.

THE SHINING ONES OF THE BETTER LAND.

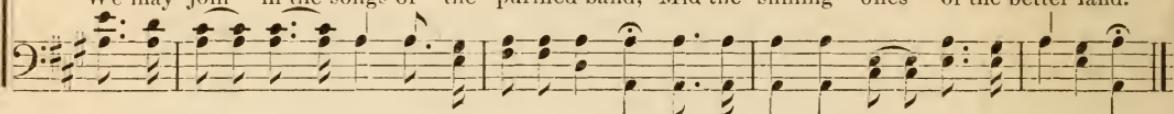
J. M. KIEFFER.



1. Far a-way in the land of the pure and bright, Is the Cit - y of God, with its gold - en light;
2. That beau - ti - ful land we are nearing now, Where crowns of bright glory encircle the brow,
3. With palms, and bright crowns, and our robes of white, We may roam the fair fields, with eternal delight



Oh! there is our home, and we ever shall stand, 'Mid the shining ones of the better land.
 Where the Tree of Life grows, on that beautiful shore, Where the flow'rs shall freshen to fade never more.
 We may join in the songs of the purified band, 'Mid the shining ones of the better land.

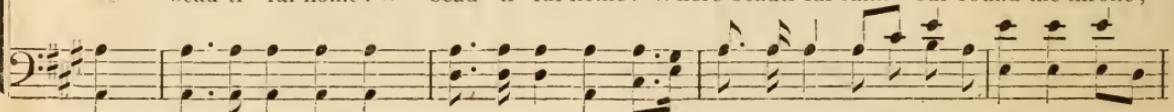


Chorus.

O beau - - - ti - ful home O beau - - - ti - ful home!



O beau - ti - ful home! O beau - ti - ful home! Where beauti-ful saints sur-round the throne;



Where beautiful saints surround the throne, the throne,

THE SHINING ONES OF THE BETTER LAND. Concluded.

9

How I long to be there,

How I long to be there.

How I long to be there, and forever, ev-er stand, 'Mid the shining ones of the better, better Land.

ev - er stand,

CALM ON THE LISTENING EAR OF NIGHT.

WM. T. ROGERS

1. Calm on the listening ear of night, Come heaven's melodious strains Where
2. Ce - les - tial choirs from courts a - bove, Shed sa - cred glories there. And
3. The joy - ous hills of Pal - es - tine, Send back the glad re - ply, And
4. O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee, There comes a ho - lier calm, And

wild Ju - de - a
an - gels with their
greet from all their
Shar - on waves in

stretches far. Her
sparkling lyres. Make
ho - ly heights, The
solemn praise, Her

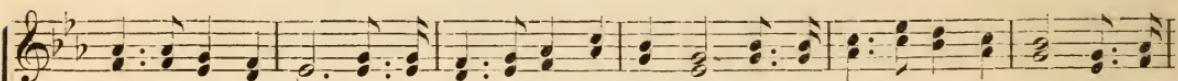
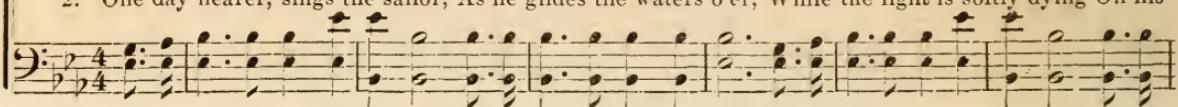
sil - ver man - tled plains.
mu - sic on the air.
day-spring from on high.
si - lent groves of palm.

NEARER HOME.

J. M. KIEFFER.



1. O'er the hill the sun is setting, And the eve is drawing on; Slowly droops the gentle twilight For an -
 2. One day nearer, sings the sailor, As he glides the waters o'er, While the light is softly dying On his



other day is gone; Gone for aye, its race is o - ver, Soon the darker shades will come; Still 'tis
 distant na-tive shore; Thus the Christian on life's o - cean, As his light boat cuts the foam, In the



Chorus.



sweet to know at e - ven, We are one day nearer home. Nearer home, near-er
 evening cries with rapture, "I . am one day nearer home. nearer home,



home, Nearer to our home on high, To the green fields and the fountains, Of the land beyond the sky.
nearer home.

3. Worn and weary oft the pilgrim
Hails the setting of the sun;
For the goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearly done,
Thus we feel, when o'er life's desert,
Heart and sandal worn we roam,
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

4. Nearer home! Yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high,
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky:
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.

IF I COME TO JESUS.

(INFANT CLASS.)

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.

1. If I come to Jesus, He will hear my prayer; He will love me dearly; He my sins did bear;
2. If I come to Jesus, He will make me glad; He will give me pleasure When my heart is sad;

If I come to Jesus, Happy I shall be; He is gently calling, Little ones like me.
If I come to Jesus, He will take my hand; He will kindly lead me To that Better Land.

THE BLESSED SAVIOR.

Words by Rev. J. B. BALTZLY.

Music by Dr. A. T. HAMILTON.

1. Come to the dear blessed Sa : vior, Tar - ry no more by the way; Come, lest you for - feit His
 2. Call, and He kind - ly will answer; Ask, and His grace He will give; Come, He will cast you out

Chorus.

fa - vor, While in the broad-way you stray. Come to the dear blessed Savior, Come O, why long-er de -
 nev - er, Look, and you sure - ly shall live. Come to the dear blessed Savior, &c.

lay? Come while He tenders His fa - vor; Come to the Sa - vior to - day!

3. Eat, and no more you shall hunger;
 Drink, and no more you shall thirst;
 Bathe in the waves of Life's River,
 That you may never be curst. CHO.

4. When you near Jordan's cold river,
 Dreary, and silent, and lone,
 Jesus, the dear blessed Savior,
 Will bear you safe to His throne. CHO.

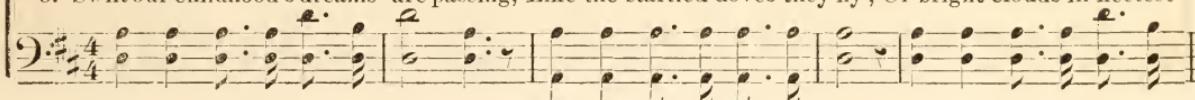
WELCOME, SABBATH MORNING!

13

Rev. I. N. KIEFFER.



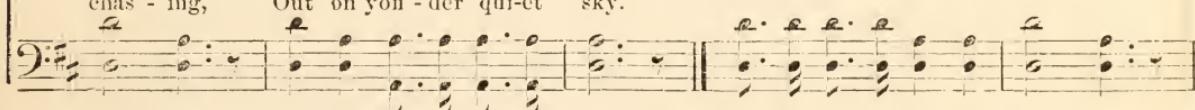
1. Welcome, welcome, Sabbath morning! We've no task, nor toil to-day; And the Sabbath morn re -
 2. Let us think how time is glid - ing: Soon the longest life departs; Nothing human is a -
 3. Swift our childhood's dreams are passing, Like the startled doves they fly; Or bright clouds in fleet



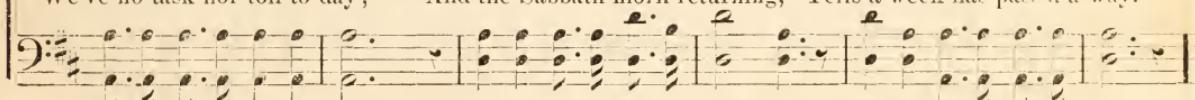
Chorus.



turn - ing, Tells a week has pass'd a - way. Welcome, welcome, qui-et morn - ing!
 bid - ing, To the trust of youthful hearts.
 chas - ing, Out on yon - der qui-et sky.



We've no task nor toil to-day; And the Sabbath morn returning, Tells a week has pass'd a-way.



4. Now dear Lord our prayer we raise Thee,
 From our young and happy hearts;
 Never let us cease to praise Thee,
 Never from Thy fear depart.

CHORUS.

5. Then when years have gathered o'er us,
 And the world begins to fade;
 Heaven's bright realms will rise before us,
 Treasures that will never fade.

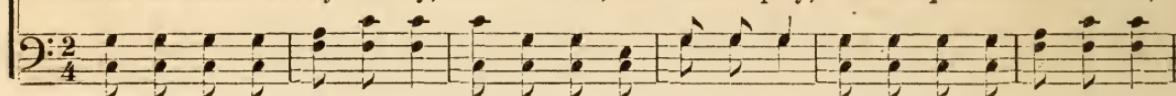
CHORUS.

WORDS ARE THINGS OF LITTLE COST.

N. COE STEWART.



1. Words are things of lit - tie cost, Quickly spoken, quickly lost; We for - get them but they stand
2. Grant us Lord from day to day, Faith to watch, and Grace to pray, Till our lips from sin set free,



Wit - nes - ses at God's right hand; And their tes - ti - mo - ny bear For us, or a -
Love to speak and sing of Thee, Till in heav'n we learn to raise, Hymns of ev - er -



against us there, And their tes - ti - mo - ny bear For us, or a - gainst us there.
last - ing praise, 'Till in heav'n we learn to raise, Hymns of ev - er - last - ing praise.



1. What is life? 'tis but a va-por, Soon it van-ish - es a - way: Life is but a dy - ing
 2. See that glo - ry, how resplendent! Brighter far than fan - cy paints; There in majes - ty trans -
 3. Joyful crowds His throne surrounding, Sing with rapture of His love; Thro' the heav'ns His praises

Chorus,

ta - per, Oh, my soul, why wish to stay? Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly, Straight to
 eendent, Je-sus reigns, the King of saints: Spread thy wings, &c.
 sounding, Filling all the courts a - bove: Spread thy wings, &c.

Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly.

yonder world of joy, Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yonder world of joy.

Words by M. P. A. CROZIER.
Tenderly.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Come to me, Sa - vior, Come, now in my grief; Thy ten-der presence is sweetest re -
 2. Come to me, Sa - vior, for dark is the night; Vain-ly I seek for some star's fee-ble
 3. Come with the brightness that beams in Thy face; Come with the smiles of Thy mer-ey and

lief; Thy heart hath known all the anguish I feel, Thy love a-longe all that anguish can heal.
 light; O - pen my eyes to behold at my side, Jesus my Savior, my God and my Guide.
 grace; Come, and with footsteps as si-lent and fleet, Morning shall come with Thy beautiful feet.

Chorus.

Come to me, Sa - vior, Come to me, Sa - vior, Thy heart hath known all the anguish I

feel; Come to me, Savior, Come to me, Savior, Thy love a - lone all that anguish can heal.

THE WAY OF HOLINESS.

Words by Mrs M. A. BIGLOW.

WM. T. ROGERS.

1. O let me seek that path, where winds of woe, And storms of sin and wrath, can never blow ! The
 2. It is a blissful way, safe and se - cure; Leading to realms of day, a pathway sure. All
 3. But O ! this ho-ly way, the vulture's eye, The hideous beasts of prey, shall ne'er desery. Then

star of heavenly hope, has ev - er beamed Along the way east up, for the redeemed.
 other paths we tread, through this dark clime, Must be with fears o'erspread, with cares of time.
 let me seek the path, where winds of woe, And bitter storms of wrath can nev - er blow.

SWEET SABBATH DAY.

Words by Mrs. H. C. GARDNER.

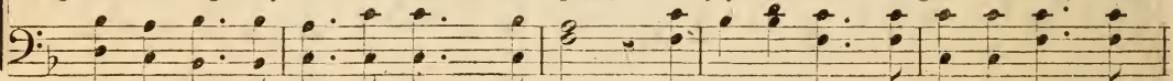
WM. T. ROGERS



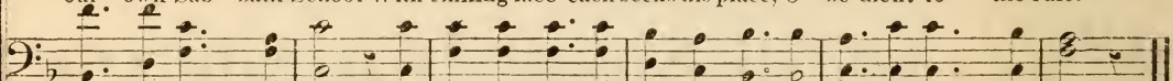
1. Sweet Sabbath day! Dear Sabbath day! Blest day, of all the week! How should our tongues with



grate - ful songs Thy hal - low'd in - fluence speak, With joy sin - cere we gath - er here, To



our own Sab - bath School With smiling face each seeks his place, O - be-dient to the rule.



2 O did you e'er such music hear
As our young voices make?
Or ever see a company
More pleasantly awake?
We would not stay from school away,
Or idly roam abroad,
Our teachers pain, God's day profane,
And slight his holy word.

3 No No, for here our teachers dear
With gentle lessons come,
To make it plain how we may gain
Our sweet eternal home.
The weather may be dull or gay,
The air be hot or cold,
It shall not keep our eager feet
Away from Sabbath School.

GIVE FREELY.

19

"God loveth a cheerful giver." II. Cor. ix. 7.

J. M. KIEFFER.

Cheerfully.

1. Give, give of your abundance, What-ev-er it may be: God loves a cheerful giv - er; Let heart and hand be free; Give
2. Give sunny smiles and greetings, Give gentle words and mild, Give honor to the a - ged, Give patience to the child: Give

alms to poor and need-y, Give com-fort to the sad, Give help to weak and erring, Give pit - y to the bad.
fervant prayer and praises, Give earnest love, and true, Give heart and soul to Je - sus, Who giveth all to you.

Chorus.

Give, give, give, What - ev - er it may be; God loves a cheerful giv - er; Let heart and hand be free.

1. See the shin-ing dew - drops, On the flow - ers strew'd, Prov - ing as they sparkle,
 2. See the morning sun - beam Light - ing up the wood, Si - lent-ly pro-claim - ing,

God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good, God is ev - er good,
 God is ev - er good,

Hills and vales are ringing, Mer - ry birds are sing-ing, God is ev - er good,
 ev - er good.

3. Hear the mountain streamlet
 In the solitude,
 With its ripple saying:
 God is ever good.

CHORUS.

4. Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
 Songs of gratitude,
 While all nature utters;
 God is ever good.

CHORUS.

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN.

21

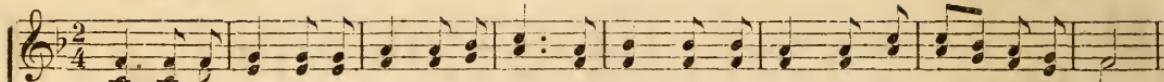
WM. T. ROGERS.

1. On each return-ing Sabbath, As in my class I stand, To hear a - bout the glo - ry, Pre-prepared at God's right hand A -
 2. I see my - self so sin - ful, While Jesus was so good I do resolve sin - cere - ly To love him as I should, Lord

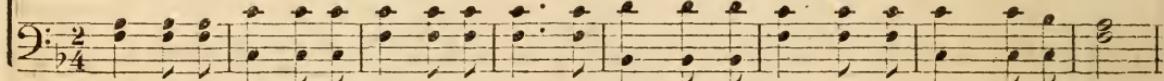
about the Saviour's dy-ing To ransom us from hell; And all that ho-ly scripture Was given by God to tell:
 help me to be faithful, And guide my giddy thought; And grant me grace to love thee, And serve thee as I ought.

Chorus

Lord, save us all from falling, Each scholar, teacher, friend; O, let not one miss heaven! But save us to the end.



1. Lift your glad voi-ees in triumph on high, For Je-sus has ris-en, and man shall not die;



2. Glo-ry to God, in full anthems of joy; Tho be-ing he gave us death can-not destroy:



Vain were the terrors that gather'd around him, And short the dominion of death and the grave; He



Sad were the life we may part with to-morrow, If tears were our birthright, and death were our end; But



burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him, Resplendent in glo-ry to live and to save:



Je-sus hath cheer'd the dark valley of sorrow, And bade us im-mor-tal, to heav-en as-cend:



Loud was the cho-rus of an - gels on high, The Sa - vior hath ris - en and man shall not die.

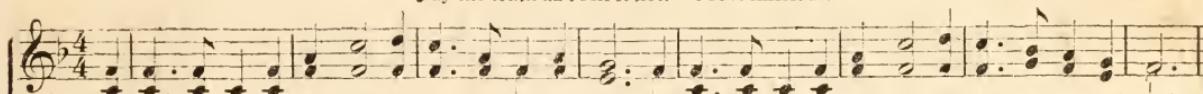


Lift then your voices in tri - umph on high, For Je - sus hath ris - en, and man shall not die.

BUY THE TRUTH.

"Buy the truth and sell it not." Prov. xxiii. 23.

J. M. KIEFFER.



1. Go thou in life's fair morning, Go in thy bloom of youth, And seek, for thine a - dorm-ing, The precious pearl of truth;
 2. Go, while the day-star shin-eth, Go, while thy heart is light, Go, ere thy strength declineth, While every sense is bright;
 3. Go, ere the cloud of sor - row Steals o'er thy bloom of youth; Defer not till to-mor-row, Go now, and buy the truth.



Secure the heav'nly treasure, And bind it on thy heart, And let no earthly pleas - ure E'er cause it to de-part.
 Sell all thou hast and buy it, 'Tis worth all earthly things, Rubies, and gold, and diamonds, Sceptres and crowns of kings!
 Go, seek thy great Cre - a - tor, Learn car-ly to be wise; Go, place up-on the al - tar A morning sac - ri - fice.



SAVIOUR, THOU HAST BID ME COME.

WM. T. ROGERS.

1. Saviour, thou hast bid me come, But bid me come a - gain; Till I reach the
 2. May I cry for help to thee, The mo - ment I be - gin To Sink in - to the

heav'n-ly home, My sink - ing soul sus - tain, Walk - ing on at thy com - mand O'er
 troubled sea, Or yield to my own sin, I know in answer to my prayer, Thou

dan - ger's tempest sea, Save me by thine outstretch'd hand, And lead me up to thee:
 would'st extend thine hand, My soul a - bove the billows bear, To the ce - les - tial land.

MARCHING HOME.

25

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We are marching homeward to that land; To the regions of the blest; We shall soon be with the angel band,
Where our weary feet may rest, Marching home, marching home, We are marching to that happy, happy land,
Marching home, marching home, We are marching to that happy land on high.

Chorus.

land, Marching home, marching home, We are marching to that happy land on high.
2

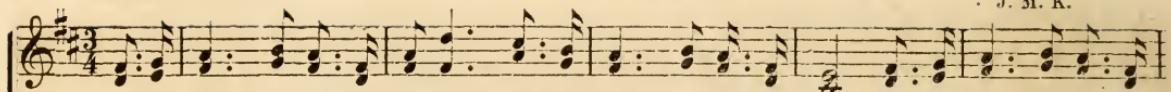
In that blessed land we're nearing now,
We shall see our Savior's face;
He will place a crown on every brow,
Saved by his redeeming grace.
CHORUS. Marching home, &c.
3

Brothers will you join our happy band,
Traveling up the shining way?
Jesus is the Captain in command:
Will you now His call obey?

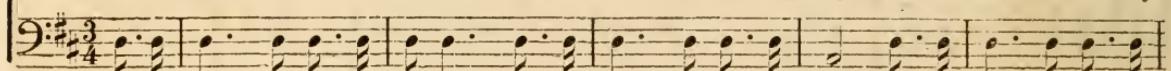
CHORUS. Marching home, &c.

COME AND BLESS US.

J. M. K.



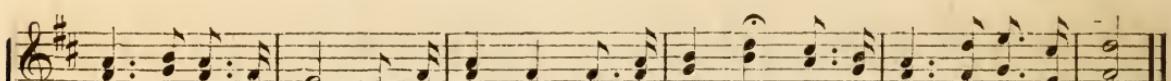
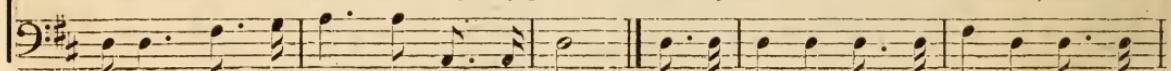
1. Lit-tle hearts, O Lord may love Thee, Lit-tle minds may learn thy ways: Lit-tle hands and feet may



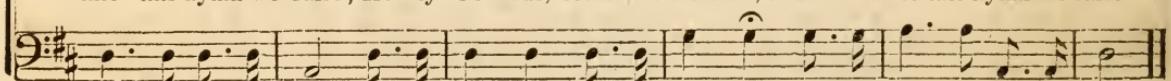
Chorus.



serve Thee, Lit-tle voi - ces sing thy praise. Ho - ly Je - sus, come and bless us; Bless us



while this hymn we raise; Ho - ly Je - sus, come and bless us; Bless us while this hymn we raise.



2

Lo! the Lord's day comes to cheer us!

Truth and lovèd our teachers bring;

Great Redeemer! be Thou near us,

Make us grateful while we sing.

CHORUS. Holy Jesus, &c.

3

Small, as now we stand before Thee,

Larger shall we yearly grow:

Help us ever to adore Thee,

All through life Thy grace to show.

CHORUS. Holy Jesus, &c.

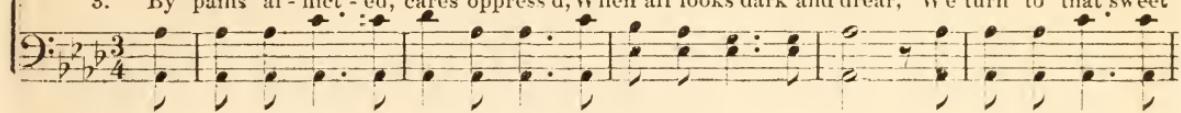
REPOSE.

Wm. T. ROGERS.

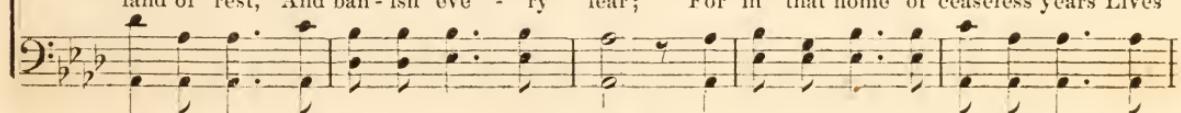
27



1. There is an hour of hallowed peace For those with cares oppress'd, When sighs and sorrowing
2. There is a home of sweet repose Where storms assail no more; The stream of end-less
3. By pains af - flet - ed, cares oppress'd, When all looks dark and drear, We turn to that sweet



tears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest, 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears, And pleasure flows On that ce - les - tial shore, There pu - ri - ty with love appears, And land of rest, And ban - ish eve - ry fear; For in that home of ceaseless years Lives



doubts which here an - noy; There they that oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy.
 bliss without al - loy; There they that oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy.
 naught that can de - stroy; There they that oft have sown in tears, Shall reap a - gain in joy.



BEAUTIFUL SABBATH.

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Ex. xx, 2.

HARVEY CAMP.



1. How sweet is the Sabbath to me, The day when the Savior a - rose! 'Tis
 2. This day he invites me to come: How kind - ly he bids me draw near! He
 3. I can - not, I must not re - fuse; His goodness has conquered my heart; The



heav-en his beauties to see, And in his soft arms to re - pose; He
 of - fers me heaven for home, And wipes off the pen - i - tent tear; He
 Lord for my portion I choose. And bid all my fol - ly de - part; How



knows I am weak and de - filed, My life is but emp - ty and vain; But
 of - fers to par - don my sin, And keep me from ev' - ry snare, To
 sweet is the Sabbath to me. The day my Re-deem-er a - rose! 'Tis



if he will make me his child, I'll nev - er for-sake him a - gain.
 sprinkle and cleanse me with - in, And show me his ten-der - est care.
 heaven his beauties to see, And in his soft arms to re - pose.

Chorus.

Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, day of rest, Sab - bath day our Mas - ter has blest!
 Sab - bath day of rest,

Beau - ti - ful Sab - bath from care so free, How sweet is the Sab - bath to me.
 Sab - bath,



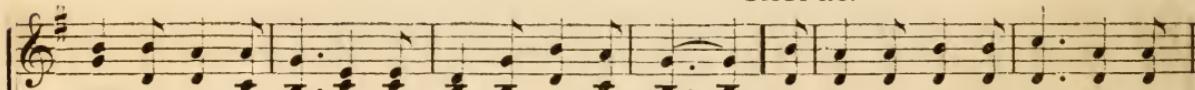
1. There is no friend like Jesus, So gentle, kind, and true, This friend is always near us, And
 2. We'll try and follow Je-sus, His word we will o-bey; We will be mild and gen-tle, And



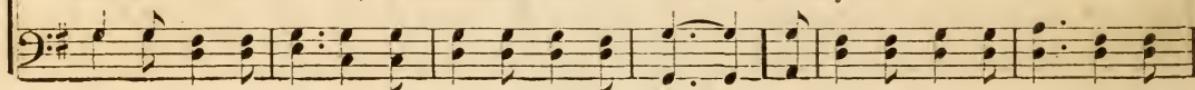
sees whate'er we do. Although he is so mighty, The king of heav'n a - bove, He
 pleas - ant in our play; We'll do our lit - tle du - ties, And love the Saviour best; On



Chorus.



calls us to his bosom And guards us with his love. We'll try and follow Je-sus In
 earth we'll follow Je-sus, In heav'n with him we'll rest. We'll try &c.



all we say or do, For there is no friend like Jesus, So gen - tle, kind, and true.

BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

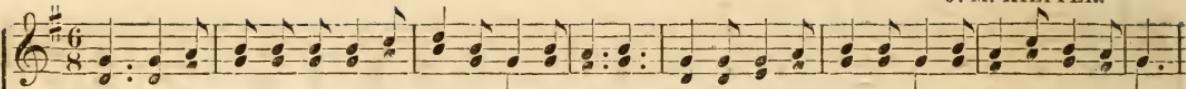
WM. T. ROGERS.

1. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, How fair the li - ly grows! How
 2. Lo! such the child whose ear - ly feet, The paths of peace have trod, Whose
 3. By cool Si - lo - am's sha - dy rill, The li - ly must de - cay; The

sweet the breath be - beneath the hill, Of Sha - ron's dew - y rose!
 se - cret heart with influence sweet, Is up - ward drawn to God.
 rose that blooms beneath the hill, Must short - ly fade a - way.

WORLD OF LIGHT.

J. M. KIEFFER.



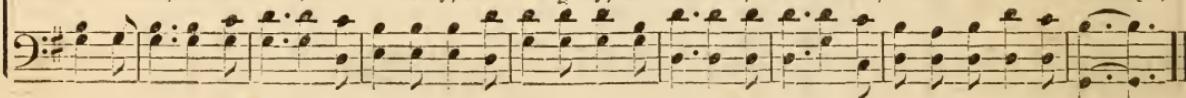
1. There is a beautiful world, Where saints and angels sing; A world where peace and pleasure reign, And heav'ly praises ring
2. There is a beautiful world, Where sorrows never come: A world where tears shall never fall, In singing for our home.
3. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Unseen to mortal sight; And darkness never enters there; That home is fair and bright.
4. There is a beau - ti - ful world, Of har - mony and love; Oh, may we safely enter there, And dwell with God above



Chorus.

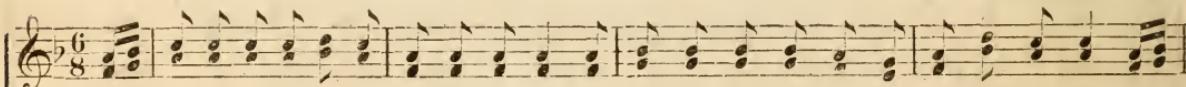


We'll be there, we'll be there; Palms of vict'ry, Crowns of glory, We shall wear, we shall wear, In that beautiful world on high,

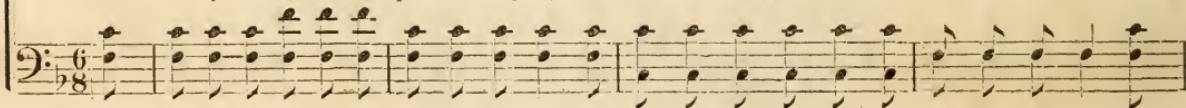


HOW LOVING IS JESUS.

J. M. KIEFFER.



1. How, loving is Je - sus who came from the sky, In ten - der - est pit - y for sin - ners to die; His
2. How free - ly does Je - sus full par-don impart, To all who re - ceive Him by faith in their heart. No

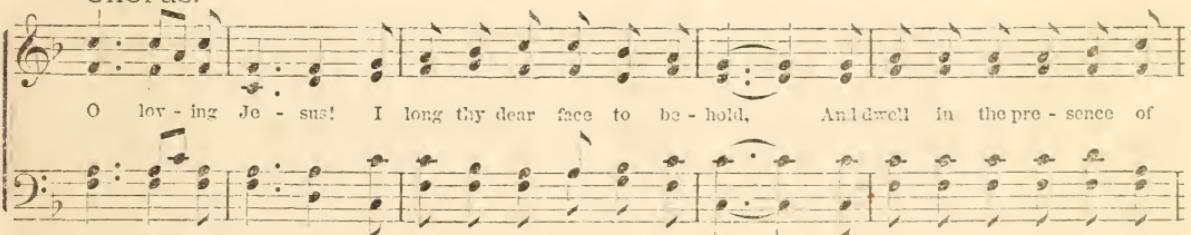




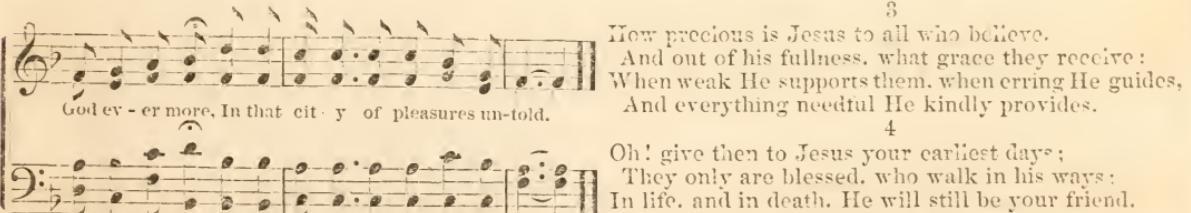
hands and his feet were nailed to the tree, And all this he suf - fer'd for you and for me.
e - vil be - tides them their home is a - bove, And Je - sus throws round them the arms of his love.



Chorus.



O lov - ing Je - sus! I long thy dear face to be - hold, An - dwell in the pre - sence of



God ev - er more, In that cit - y of pleasures un-fold.

3
How precious is Jesus to all who believe.
And out of his fullness, what grace they receive:
When weak He supports them, when erring He guides,
And everything needful He kindly provides.

4

Oh! give then to Jesus your earliest day;
They only are blessed, who walk in his ways:
In life, and in death, He will still be your friend,
For whom Jesus loves, He will love to the end.

WHAT CAN I GIVE TO JESUS.

WM. T. ROGERS.

Chorus.

love to him, Who died on cal - va - ry? What can I give to Je - sus Who
 not de - spise So mean an of - fer - ing.
 fond desires up - on his lov - ing breast.

gave himself for me; How can I show my love to him, Who died on Cal - va - ry.

4. I'll give my time to Jesus;
 O that each hour might be
 Filled up with holy work for him
 Who spent his life for me.

CHORUS. What can I give, &c.

5. I'll give my wealth to Jesus,
 'Tis little I possess;
 But all I am, and all I have,
 Dear Lord accept and bless.

CHORUS. What can I give &c.



1. I love to hear the sto - ry, Which an-ge-l voi-ces tell, How once the King of glo - ry, Came
 2. I'm glad my bless-ed Sa-viour Was once a child like me, To show how pure and Ho-ly His



down on earth to dwell; I am both weak and sin-ful, But this I surely know, The Lord came down to
 lit - tle ones might be: And if I try to fol - low His footsteps here below, He nev - er will for -



save me, Be - cause He lov'd me so.
 get me, Be - cause He lov'd me so.

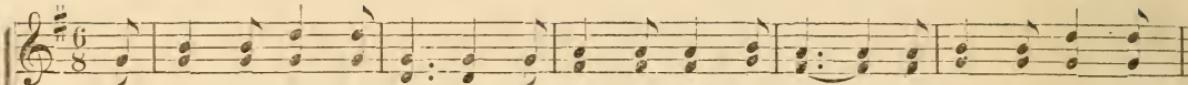
3

To sing His love and mercy
 My sweetest songs I'll raise,
 And though I cannot see Him
 I know He hears my praise!
 For He has kindly promised
 That I shall surely go
 To sing among His angels,
 Because He lov'd me so.

WHEN BRIGHTLY BREAKS THE MORNING.

Words by J. S. P.

J. M. K.



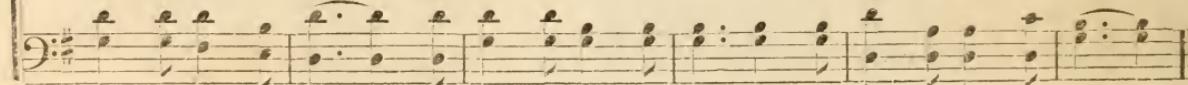
1. When brightly breaks the morn-ing, And calm - ly glows the eve, In gol - den robes a-
 2. The fervent prayers he hear-eth, Of child-ren here be - low, And sink-ing hearts he
 3. Then let our hearts and voi-ces, In prayer and praise a - rise, Our heavenly king re-



dorn - ing, This earth whereon we live; How sweet to kneel, in meekness, Be-
 cheereth That tell to him their woe; For he has bid them welcome That
 joi - ces, To hear our fee - ble cries; And he will send his bless - ing And



fore a father's throne, And ask that kind - ly blessings, May un - to us be shown.
 ear - ly seek his face, And giv'n to them the promise, Of an a-bid - ing grace.
 cheer us with his love. And fit our souls to meet him, In the blest world a - bove.



DARE AND DO.

37

WM. T. ROGERS.

1. Dare to think, though others frown; Dare in words your thoughts express; Dare to rise, though oft cast
 2. Dare from custom to de - part; Dare the price - less pearl possess; Dare to wear it next your

Chorus.

down; Dare the wrong'd and scorn'd to bless. Dare to think; though oth - ers frown; Dare in
 heart; Dare, when oth - ers curse, to bless.

words your thoughts express; Dare to rise, though oft cast down; Dare the wrong'd and scorn'd to bless.

3. Dare forsake what you deem wrong;
 Dare to walk in wisdom's way
 Dare to give where gifts belong
 Dare God's precepts to obey.

CHORTS. Dare to think, &c.

Do what conscience says is right;
 Do what reason says is best,
 Do with all your mind and might,
 Do your duty and be blest.

CHORUS. Dare to think, &c.

PRAISE TO THE SAVIOR.

Words by C. M. DOWLING.

J. M. KIEFFER,

In a song of prai - ses to our heavenly friend, Who will love us to the end.
 Who have heard the summons which hath soft - ly come, Say - ing, lit - tle child, come home.
 When he said, with sweetness beau - ti - ful to see, Suf - fer them to come to me"

Je - sus loves to list - en to each lit - tle child, And he looks upon us kind and mild,
 They, as lit - tle an - gels, beau - ti - ful and bright, With their shining garments pure and white,
 Guide us, heavenly Fath - er, though the way be long, We are weak and erring, thou art strong :

As we lift our voi - ces to his throne a-bove, In a song of grate-ful love.
Swell the song of glad-ness which hath ev - er giv'n, Mu - sic to the courts of heav'n.
Lead us lit - tle children till our life is past, Take us to thine arms at last.

Chorus.

Praise to the Savior, lov - ing and true, He who will guide us all the way through,

Let us nev - er wan - der from his bless - ed side, Who for us has wept and died.

CONTRITION.

WM. T. ROGERS.



1. Soft be the gentle breathing notes, That sing the Saviour's dying love; Soft as the evening zephyr
 2. Pure as the sun's enlivening ray, That scatters life and joy abroad; Pure as the lu-cid orb of



floats, And soft as tuneful lyres a - bove; Soft as the morning dews descend, While
 day, That wide proclaims its Maker God, Pure as the breath of vernal skies, So



warb'ling birds exalting soar, So soft to our Almighty Friend Be every sigh our bosoms pour:
 pure let our contrition be; And purely let our sorrows rise To him who bled upon the tree.



LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

W. O. BREWSTER.

41

1. Light of the world! O shine on us, Thy lit - tle flock be - low;
 2. Light of the world! O shine on us, Thy lit - tle pil - grim band;
 3. Light of the world! be mer - ei - ful, And lead us safe - ly on;
 4. Light of the world! O shine on us, As through that vale we flee;

Shine on this path we dai - ly tread, Shine on each poor, de - fence - less head,
 Shine on the way, once trod be - fore By thine own feet, in sor - row sore,
 On through the rough and bleak highway, Where perils wait in dread ar - ray,
 That in the cit - y, fair and bright, That lies beyond, be yond our sight,

Shine through the shad - ows dark and dread, That hov - er round us now.
 That leads us on - ward to the shore, Of Zi - on's Sab - bath land.
 To save each pil - grim soul a - way When he is once a - lone.
 We each, in robes of brid - al white, May stand at last with Thee.

WAITING FOR ME.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. In heaven, bright heaven, the home of the blest, Where sorrow's unknown, I am longing for rest: To

gain its fair por-tals my ef-forts shall be, For lov'd ones are waiting in heaven for me.

Chorus.

RIT.

Waiting, waiting, waiting for me, In heaven, bright heaven, they are waiting for me, Waiting for me.

2. To heaven, sweet heaven, I'm hoping to go,
When I have accomplished my mission below,
The Bible, forever my standard shall be,
For lov'd ones are waiting in heaven for me.

3. For heaven I'm striving, and ne'er will give o'er,
Till safely I stand on the beautiful shore,
Beyond the dark waters of life's stormy sea,
With lov'd ones now waiting in heaven for me.

UNFURL THE GOSPEL BANNER.

H. H. HALL.

43

Wm T. ROGERS.

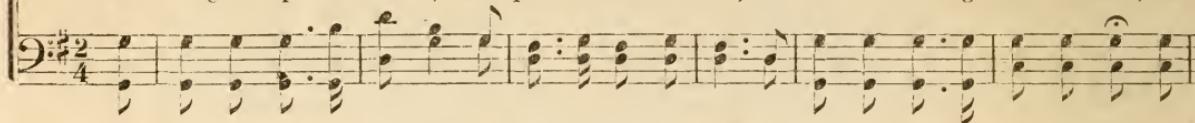
1. Unfurl the gospel banner, To earth's remotest bound: Tell every dying sinner The way of life is found; That
 2. Unfurl the gospel banner, Pro - claim the Jubi-lee, Warn every man of danger, That from it he may flee; And
 2. Unfurl the gospel banner, The fleeting hours improve, To every man and brother, Say see his dying love; For
 4. Now furl the gospel banner, Will soon be heard on high, When Christ shall come to gather His children in the sky Then

one who can deliver From Satan's galling chains— Give life and joy for ever Has suffered all our pains.
 go to Christ for refuge, Who only can defend, And save us from all danger, And keep us to the end.
 lo! the morn is breaking To every watchful son; The sacred light now shining Proclaims the coming one
 grasp the glittering Banner, And bear it far above, That every thirsting sinner, May taste his dying love.

Unfurl the gospel banner, To earth's remotest bound, Tell every dying sinner The way of life is found.



1. We'll not give up the Bi - ble, God's ho - ly book of truth; The blessed staff of hoar - y age, The
 2. We'll not give up the Bi - ble, For pleasure or for pain; We'll buy the truth, and sell it not For
 3. We'll not give up the Bi - ble, But spread it far and wide, Un - til its sav - ing voice be heard, Be-



guide of ear - ly youth: The sun that sheds a glorious light, O'er ev' - ry dreary road; The
 all that we might gain; Though man should try to take our prize, By guile or cru - el might; We'll
 yond the roll-ing tide: Till all shall know its gracious power, And, with one voice and heart, Re-



voice that speaks the Saviour's love, And calls us home to God.
 suf - fer all that man can do. And God defend the right.
 solved, that from God's sacred word, We'll never, never part.

We'll not give up the Bi - ble, God's
 We'll not give up the Bi - ble, &c.
 We'll not give up the Bi - ble, &c.



ho - ly book of truth: The blessed staff of hoar - y age, The guide of ear - ly youth.

LAND OF REST.

Words by F. R. Marvin.

"There the weary be at rest." JOB III, 17.

Music by J. M. KIEFFER.

1. A few more days my weary heart, And thou shalt know thy rest. A few more days, and earthly ills Shall thee no more molest,

Chorus.

In that beautiful land of rest, O - ver on the oth-er shore, We shall e-ver dwell with Jesus, And we'll rest for-ever more.

2 A few more sighs and bitter tears,
A few more throbs of grief,
And thou shalt reach thy journey's end,
Where night shall bring relief.

CHORUS.

3 Then bear thy pain while life shall last,
Nor ever be dismayed;
The night shall bring the rest for which
In sorrow thou hast prayed.

CHORUS.

1. The Christmas bells are ringing loud and clear; All lips drop smiles- all
 2. Best day of all, the days of Christ our King -What praise to thy per-
 3. All fears are lost,- nor tears can longer flow; Sighs mount to Song, And

voi - ces wake to cheer; Kind wishes gath - er, thick as bees in May, To
 fections could we bring; To each to all, on this aus - pi-cious morn, New
 griefs to gladness grow; The rude are gen - tle on this hallow'd day; The

greet the opening of this perfumed day, To greet the opening of this perfumed day,
 joys are given, and brighter hopes are born, New joys are given and brighter hopes are born.
 murmur ing put their dis - content a - way, The murmur ing put their dis-content a - way.

4. For once, in fair Judea, Christ was born;
 Song and thanksgiving crowned the blessed morn;
 And since his star the wondering shepherds saw,
 Christ's Gospel rules the world, and love is law.

5 So on this day our purest prayers ascend;
 The heavens in richest benedictions bend,
 With thee, O blessed day, all sorrows cease;
 With joy we greet thee, day of grace and peace.

LOVE THE SAVIOR.

47

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Little children, love the Savior, Give your hearts to Je-sus now; Ear - ly seek his heart and
2. Now the heav'nly doors are opened, Opened wide to let you in; See yon throng of white rob'd

Chorus.

fa - vor, Hum-bly at his foot-stool bow, Then, Oh! seek the bless-ed Sav-ior, Give your
ser - aphs, un - de-filed and free from sin. Then, Oh! seek the bless-ed Sav-ior. &c.

hearts to Je - sus now; Ear - ly seek his heart and fa - vor, Humbly in his presence bow.

3. Slight his gracious words no longer
Nor disdain such boundless love!
Once, on earth, he died for sinners,
Died, that you might live above.

Chorus.

4. Would you wear the crown of glory,
Would you join the choral song,
Would you gain the heavenly mansions,
Welcomed by a ransomed throng?

Chorus.

1. Have you an - y room for Jesus? When we gather, shall we say, That the follow'rs of the

Chorus.

Master Have no time for prayer to-day? Room for Je-sus, King of glo-ry! Time for

him, all times o - bey: Love for him who came to save us, Let us ask these things to day.

2. Have you any TIME for Jesus?

O, my brothers! you and I
When a few more days have ended,
Must have ROOM and TIME to die.

3. Have you any LOVE for Jesus?

When we gather shall we say,
That the follow'rs of the Master
Are not followers to-day?

A BUGLE NOTE.

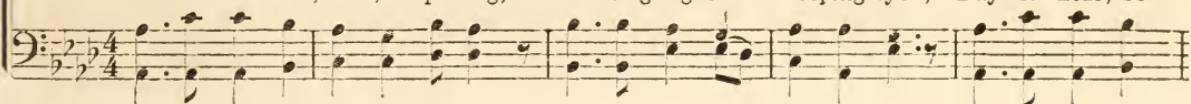
BY MRS. E. C. HOWARTH.

49

Wm. T. ROGERS.



1. Rouse thee, day is near O sleeper! Let the spirit stir the clod; Go thee forth be
2. All the arts of pleasure spurning, Be thy couch no more the sod; Thou may'st snatch a
3. Child of sor - row, lone, despairing, Haunting night with weeping eyes; Day is near, be



fore the reaper, To the harvest field of God, No more resting, no more slumber, Bind the cross up -
brand from burning; Thou may'st win a soul for God, Poet with the heavenward longing Shrink no more from
up and bearing, Earth's rich harvest to the skies. Rouse thee, Rouse thee, O thou sleeper! Breath no more the



on thy breast; When thy form the earth shall cumber, Thou'l have time enough for rest.
mor-tal strife; To the millions onward thronging, Sing the bat - tle song of life.
sluggard's breath; Go thee forth be - fore the reap-er; Snatch the victor's crown from death.



Words and Music by

Rev R. H. McCRAY.



1. We shall meet in that beautiful land, On the banks of the bright golden shore, With all the redeemed spirit band, And with
 2. Blessed Je-sus has gone to prepare Us a crown that is brighter than day, Then forever He'll dwell with us there, His own



Chorus.

beau - ti - ful.

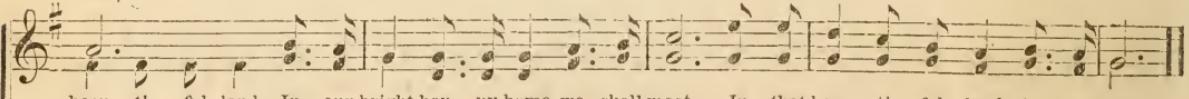


Je-sus, to live ev-er-more.

In our bright happy home we shall meet, we shall meet, In that beautiful land in that hand shall wipe all tears a-way.



lano,



beau - ti - ful land. In our bright hap - py home we shall meet, In that beau - ti - ful land, far a-way.



3. No sorrow shall e'er taint the air,
 Where God dwells evil never can come,
 No weeping will break on the ear,
 When the day of life's turmoil is done. Cho.

4. We will meet in the land ever fair,
 Where the weary forever shall rest,
 The crown of redemption we'll wear,
 And triumphantly chant with the blest. Cho.

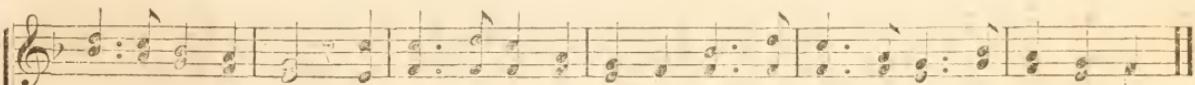
MILLENNIUM HYMN.

51

Wm. T. ROGERS.



1. Isles of the south, a - wake! The song of triumph sing; Let mount, and hill, and vale, With
 2. Wild wastes of Af-ric, shout! Your shaekled sons are free; No moth-er wails her child, 'Neath



hal - le - lu - jah sing: Shout for the i - dol's overthrown, And Israel's God, is God a - lone.
 the ba - na - na tree: No slave-ship dashes on thy shore; The clank of chains is heard no more.



3. Shout, vales of India, shout;
 No funeral fires blaze high;
 No Idol song sings loud.
 As rolls the death-ear by:
 The banner of the cross now waves
 There Christian heralds made their graves.

4. Shout, hills of Palestine!
 Have you forgot the groan,
 The spear, the thorn, the cross,
 The wine-press trod alone,
 The dying prayer that rose from thee,
 Thou garden of Gethsemane.

5. Shout, rocky hills of Greece!
 The crescent head lies low;
 No Moslem flings his echain
 Around the Christian now;
 But Greek and Moslem join in one
 To praise the Saviour, God the Son.

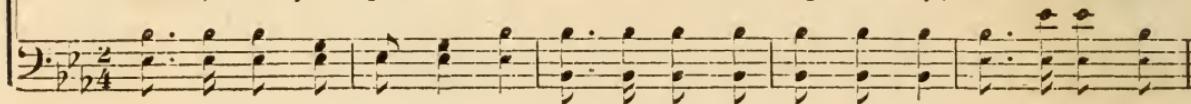
6. Hail glad millennial day!
 O shout ye heavens above!
 To-day the nations sing
 The song, redeeming love:
 Redeeming love the song shall be:
 Hail blessed year of Jubilee.

PILGRIM BAND.

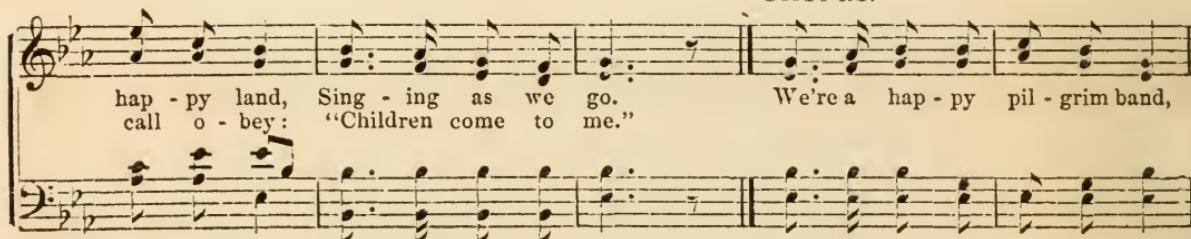
C. F. DART.



1. Brothers, will you go with me? We shall live so hap - pi - ly; Marching to that
 2. Sisters, will you go with me? There are flow'rs a - long the way; Come the Saviour's

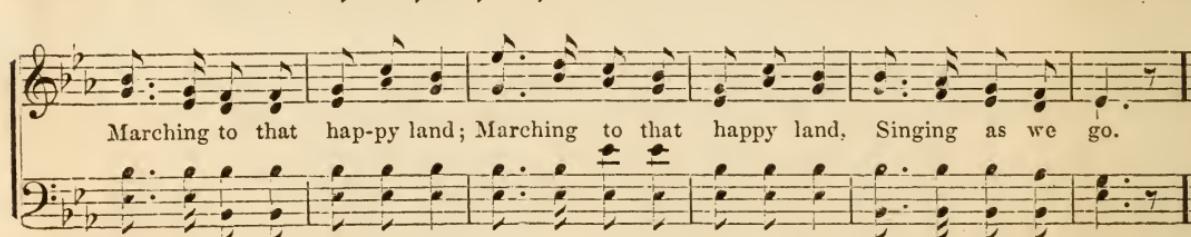


Chorus.



hap - py land, Sing - ing as we go. We're a hap - py pil - grim band,

call o - bey: "Children come to me."



Marching to that hap - py land; Marching to that happy land, Singing as we go.



3. Happy, they who in their youth
 Learn to love the way of truth,
 Learn to love God's holy book,
 Blessed evermore.

CHORUS.

4. Come, then with this happy band,
 Marching to that happy land;
 There with rapture we may stand,
 Praising evermore.

CHORUS.

THE CRYSTAL SEA.

Wm. T. ROGERS.

53

1. That glorious sea before the throne, Is pure, and clear, to depths unknown; No
2. Serene it moves in heav - en - ly peace, Bright with its joys which never cease; No

bil - lows toss its mighty tide, No snares with-in its bo - som hide.
threat'ning clouds shall ev - er pass to shade with gloom that sea of glass.

That glorious sea, to storms unknown; The crys - tal sea be - fore the throne.

3. Tranquil and calm its surface lies,
Beneath those clear and tender skies;
Its peaceful waves are full of rest,
Each breeze brings bliss to every breast.

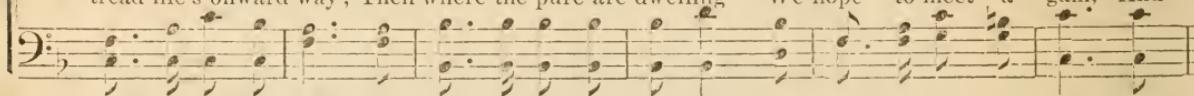
4. Beyond the grave that crystal sea
Swells its deep tide of bliss for me;
My tears are gone, for faith has seen
Its light of love, its peace serene.



1. We bring no glit'ring treasures, No gems from earth's deep mine; We come with simple measures, To
 2. The dear-est gift of heaven, Love's written word of truth, To us is ear - ly giv-en, To
 3. Re - deemer! grant thy blessing! O; teach us how to pray, That each, thy fear possessing, May



chant thy love divine. Children thy favors sharing, Their voice of thanks would raise; Fath-
 guide our steps in youth; We hear the wondrous sto - ry, The tale of Cal - va - ry; We
 tread life's onward way; Then where the pure are dwelling We hope to meet a - gain, And

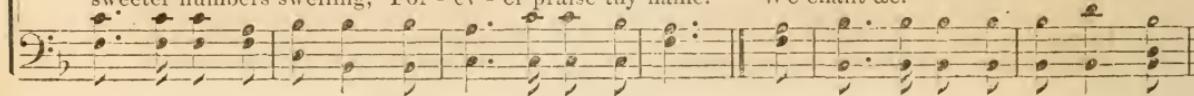


Chorus.



er, accept our offering, Our Song of grateful praise.
 read of homes in glo - ry, From sin and sorrow free.
 sweeter numbers swelling, For - ev - er praise thy name.

We chant the wondrous sto-ry, The
 We chant &c.
 We chant &c.



tale of Cal - va - ry; We sing of homes in glo - ry, From sin and sor - row free.

IS THERE ONE FOR ME?

J. M. K.

1. Mansions are prepared above, By the gracious God of love; Many will those mansions see; Is there one prepared for me.
 2. Crowns that dazzle human eye Waft for those who reach the sky; Many will those bright crowns be, Is there one prepared for me.
 3. Robes of spotless white are given By the gracious King of heaven; All can have them, they are free Is there one prepared for me.

Chorus,

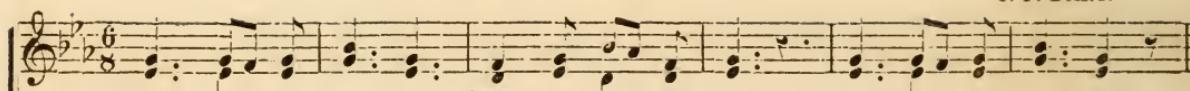
Far, in yonder realms above: We shall dwell in endless love, Hymns of praise forever sing, Unto God our heavenly King.

4. Harps of solemn sound above
 Swell loud praises to His love;
 Oh, how sweet their sound will be!
 Is there one prepared for me?

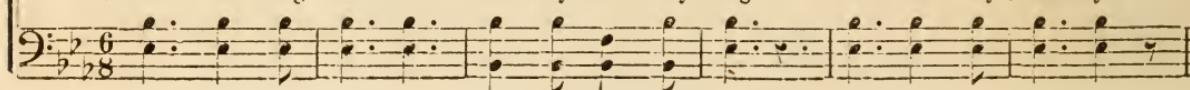
5. MANSIONS, CROWNS, and ROBES of white,
 Golden harps forever bright!
 Heaven in view! Oh, then press on,
 Till we meet round yonder throne.

COME UNTO ME.

C. F. DART.



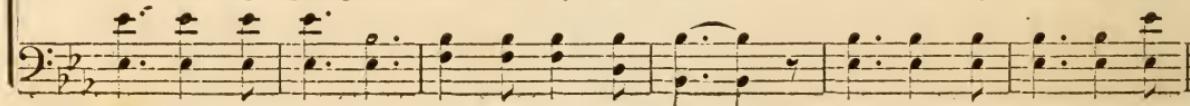
1. Child, art thou wea - ry in the path be - low; Do cares op-press thee!
2. Thou wand'ring one from God thy Heavenly King! Is the way thorny



Art thou filled with woe? Do foes as - sail thee in the narrow way,
Thou art trav' - ling in? Do earth - ly joys e - lude thy earthly grasp?



And spread out snares to lead thy soul as - tray? Do friends for - sake thee, un-
The seeming gold prove but al - loy at last? Oh, wea - ry soul with such



heeding thy request? "Come un - to me and I will give you rest."
 guilt and sin oppress, "Come un - to me and I will give you rest."

THE LOST SINNER FOUND.

J. M. K.

"Likewise, I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." LUKE xv. 10.

1. O! how di - vine, how sweet the joy, When but one sin - ner turns, And
 2. Pleas'd with the news, the saints be - low, In songs their tongues employ; Be-
 3. Well pleased the Fath - er sees and hears The con - scious sin - ner's moan; Je-
 4. Nor an - gels can their joys contain, But kin - dle with new fire; The

with an hum - ble, bro - ken heart, His sin and er - ror mourn.
 yond the skies the tid - ings go, And heav'n is filled with joy.
 sus receives him in his arms, And claims him for his own.
 sin - ner lost is found. they sing, And strike the sound - ing lyre.

STAR IN THE EAST.

Wm. T. ROGERS.



1. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
 2. Say shall we yield him in cost-ly de - vo-tion, O-dors of E - den and off'ring-s divine;



Star of the east, the ho - ri - zon a-dorning, Guide where our infant Re - deemer is laid.
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean, Myrrh from the for-est, and gold from the mine?



Cold on his cradle, the dewdrops are shining; Low lies his bed with the beast of the stall;
 Vain-ly we of - fer each ample ob - lation; Vain-ly with gifts would his fa-vor secure,



Angels a - dore him, in slumber re- clining, Maker, and Monarch, and Savior, of all.
Richer by far is the heart's ad-or - ation; Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

THE SAVIOUR'S PRAISE.

FRANK D. ABBOTT.

1. My God, my King, thy va-rious praise, Shall fill the remnant of my days; Thy
2. The wings of ev' - ry hour shall bear Some thankful trib-ute to thine ear, And

grace employ my humble tongue, Till death and glo - ry raise the song.
ev' - ry set - ting sun shall see. New mark of du - ty done for thee.



1. Come in - to Christ's army, come join it to-day; He calls us himself, so we must not de-lay, What
 2. He gives us our armor, So shining and bright? So let us fight bravely for truth and for right; The

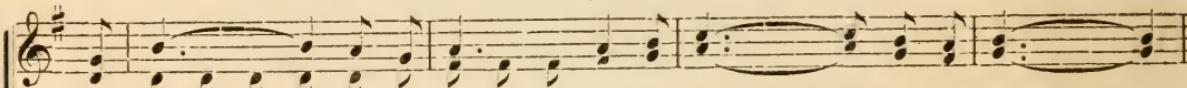


tho' we are children, we're nev-er too small To be soldiers for Je - sus; so come one and all.
 foes we must conquer are strong ones indeed; We must ask for His help or we shall not succeed.



Chorus.

Come in - to Christ's ar - my, we must not de - lay.



Come in - to Christ's army, come join it to - day; He calls us him-self, so we must not de-lay



He gives us our watch - word; that watch - word is Love.

A musical score for a hymn. The top line is a soprano melody in G major, 2/4 time. The lyrics 'He gives us our watch-word' are repeated. The bottom line is a bass line in G major, 2/4 time.

3. We've plenty of trials and dangers to meet;
And Satan, our foe, oft will threaten defeat;
Temptation, too, often will lead us astray;
But our Captain stands ready to show us our way;
CHORUS.

4. He'll keep us in safety till life shall be o'er;
E'en death cannot harm us—Christ met him before;
We'll follow our Leader till yonder bright heaven.
Shall ring with our praises for victory given.
CHORUS.

WAVER NOT.

WM. T. R.

A musical score for a hymn. The top line is a soprano melody in F major, 2/4 time. The lyrics 'Cease, wavering heart' are repeated. The bottom line is a bass line in F major, 2/4 time.

1. Cease, wavering heart this troubled strife, Cast out the tempter now, Ere he shall gain pos-
2. Cease questioning the sacred truth, God to his people gave; Cease doubting his al-

A musical score for a hymn. The top line is a soprano melody in F major, 2/4 time. The lyrics 'sess - ion there; And to Jeho - valh bow.' are repeated. The bottom line is a bass line in F major, 2/4 time.

3. If He be God, then yield to Him
Obedience and love;
And let thy daily walk and word
Thy deep conviction prove.

4. Then follow Him: no longer pause,
But take the narrow road;
And to thy latest day on earth,
Love, serve, and worship God.

J. M.

1. Now's the time and here's the place; Christain don't delay, But work with heart, and hand, and might, For Jesus cause to-day.

Now's the time, now's the time, The time to wprk for Jesus; Yes, work with heart, and hand, and might, For Jesus cause to-day.

2. Now's the time, and here's the place;

Jesus lead the way;

Thou art our Light, our Strength, and Trust;

For thee we'll work to-day.

CHORUS.—Now's the time, &c.

3. Now's the time, and here's the place,

Christain, never cease;

But labor on for Christ and truth,

Above there's rest and peace.

CHORUS.—Now's the time, &c.

COME AWAY TO THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Hear the cheerful morning bells, calling us to Sabbath School! Come away, come away, come a - way, List! their
come away,

saered chiming tells, 'tis a duty for us all; Come a-way, come away, come a-way, Happy come away,

faces, one and all, come a-way, Hasting to the Sabbath School, come a-way, Where we come away,

learn the Golden Rule, in our blessed Sabbath School, Come a-way, come a-way, come a-way.

2. How we love the meetings ~~there~~, in our pleasant Sabbath School,
 Come away, come away, come away,
 There unite in praise and prayer, at our Father's gracious call,
 Come away, come away, come away,
 There we've teachers, kind and true, come away,
 There we've books, both old and new, come away,
 There we love to heed each rule, in our pleasant Sabbath School,
 Come away, come away, come away.

2. There we learn of Jesus love, in our blessed Sabbath School,
 Come away, come away, come away,
 And the road that leads above, where there's happiness for all,
 Come away, come away, come away,
 There we sing our songs of love, come away,
 And are taught of things above, come away,
 Then let's heed the cheerful call, for the blessed Sabbath School,
 Come away, come away, come away.

J. H. KELLOG.

WM. J. B.

you So lit - tle friends, he wants To hear such words from you,
shun? Can - not you others help The path of sin to shun?
peace, With robes of spotless white, You'll live in joy and peace.

THE LORD MY SHEPHERD IS.

1. The Lord my Shepherd is. . . . I shall be well sup - plied; Since
2. He leads me to the place, Where heavnly pas - ture grows, Where
2. If e'er I go astray, He doth my soul re - claim, And

1. The Lord my Shepherd is, I shall be well supplied; Since

he is mine and I am his, What can I want be - side?
liv - ing wa - ters gent - ly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.
guides me in his own right way, For his most ho - ly name.

he is mine and I am his, What can I want be - side?

1. Gracious Saviour, Gen - the shepherd, Lit - tle ones are dear to thee; Gathered with thine arms, and carried
 2. Ten - der Shepherd, nev - er leave us From Thy fold to go as - tray; By Thy look of love direct-ed,

In thy bosom may we be; Sweetly, fondly, safe - ly tended, From all want and
 May we walk the narrow way; Thus di - rect us and protect us, Lest we fall an

dan - ger free, Sweetly, fondly, safe - ly tended, From all want and danger free.
 ea - sy prey, Thus protect us and dl - rect us, Lest we fall an ea - sy prey.

3 Let thy holy word instruct us,
 Fill our minds with heavenly light;
 Let thy love and grace constrain us
 To approve whate'er is right;
 ||: Take Thine easy yoke and wear it,
 And to prove thy burden light.||:

4 Taught to lisp the holy praises
 Which on earth Thy children sing,
 Both with lips and hearts unfeigned,
 May we our thank-offerings bring;
 ||: Then with all the saints in glry,
 Join to praise our Lord and King.||:

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

67

Words from the North Western Hymn Book.

Dedicated to Rev. J. H. SHERRARD.

J. M. KLEFFER.

1. We are waiting by the riy - er, We are watching on the shore; On - ly waiting for the
 2. Though the mist hang o'er the riv - er, And its billows loud - ly roar; Yet we hear the song of
 2. And the bright ce - les - tial cit - y, We have caught such radiant gleams Of its tow'rs and dazzling

Chorus.

Angels, Soon they'll come to bear us o'er, We are waiting by the river, We are watching on the
 Angels, Wafted from the oth - er shore. We are waiting &c., We are waiting &c.,
 sunlight, With its bright and peaceful streams

shore. On - ly waiting for the an - gels, Soon they'll come to bear us o'er

4 He has called for many a lov'd one
 We have seen them leave our side,
 With our Savior we shall meet them,
 When we too, have crossed the tide.

CHORUS.

5. When we've pass'd that vale of shadows
 With its dark and chilling tide;
 In that bright and glorious city
 We shall ever more abide.

CHORUS.

THE SOLEMN QUESTION.

Words by A. A. STEVENSON.

"Behold I stand at the door, and knock." Rev. III. 20.

Music by J. M. KIEFFER.

1. There is a solemn question, To which I must re-ply; Shall I accept the Saviour, Or
 2. How long He hath been waiting, My heart a - lone can tell; How pa - tiently en-treating, My
 3. The question must be answered: The time will soon be past: It will not do to - morrow, To -
 4. Oh! on that aw - ful morning, When He, upon His throne, Shall summon all before Him, Who

all His claims de - ny? Bé - hold He standeth knocking Up - on my bosom's door, Per -
 conscience knoweth well, What words of solemn warning, What promis - es of love, His
 day may be my last, I ei - ther must re - ject Him, And choose the world of sin, Or
 life on earth have known; How shall I stand be - fore Him, And look up - on His face, If

haps if now He ceaseth, "Twill be for - ev - er more, Oh, shall I now re-ceive him, Ac -
 voice hath ev-er pleaded My stony heart to move. Oh, shall I now re-ceive him, &c.
 op - en freely to Him And bid Him en - ter in. Oh, shall I now re-ceive him, &c.
 while he here entreateth, I scorn his offered grace. Oh, shall I now re-ceive him, &c.

cept him and believe him? Or shall I now re-fuse to hear And bid him go away?

OH WELCOME THE DAY!

H. D. MUNSON.

1. Oh, welcome the day, The Sabbath day re-turning, Sweet day of rest! we love it best; Oh, welcome the day!

Our youthful voices join to sing, Ho-sannas to our Saviour, King; He loves the praise we bring, On this ho-ly day.

2. How blest is the hour,
The hour of happy greeting;
While here we sit at Jesus feet,
How blest is the hour!
He kindly bids us all draw near:
His winning accents banish fear;
His voice we love to hear
At this blessed hour.

3. Oh, come let us pray
To Jesus interceding
With God above for pard'ning love,
Oh, come let us pray.
With humble hearts before His face,
Now let us seek forgiving grace:
He hears the soul that prays:
Oh, come let us pray.



1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel armor on; March to the gates of endless
2. Then let my soul march boldly on, Press forward to the heavenly gate; There peace and joy eternal.



joy, Where Jesus thy great Captain's gone. Hell and thy sins re-sist thy course, But hell and
reign, And glitt'ring robes for conquerors wait There shall I wear a star-ry crown, And triumph



sin are vanquished foes; Thy Je-sus nailed them to the cross, And sung the triumph when he rose.

in al-migh - ty grace; While all the armies of the skies Join in my glorious Leader's praise.



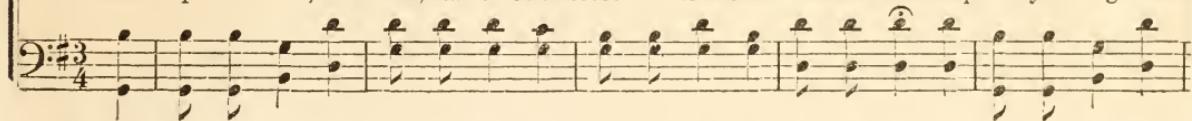
STAND UP FOR JESUS.

J. M. K.

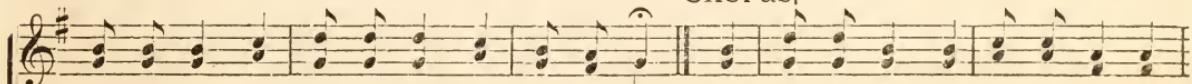
71



1. Stand up for Je-sus, Christain, stand! Firm as a rock on ocean's strand! Beat back the waves of
 2. Stand up for Je-sus, Christain, stand! Sound forth His name o'er sea and land! Spread ye His glorious



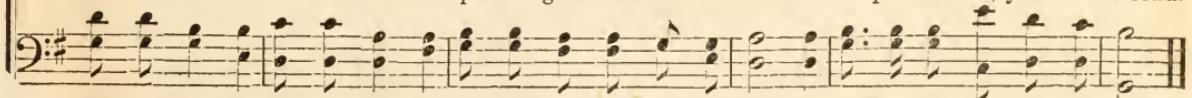
Chorus.



sin that roll, Like rag-ing floods a-round thy soul! Stand up for Je-sus, no-bly stand, firm
 word abroad, Till all the world shall own Him Lord! Stand up for Je-sus, &c.



as a rock on ocean's strand! Stand up His righteous cause defend! Stand up for Jesus, your best friend.



3. Stand up for Jesus, Christain, stand;
 Lift high the cross with stead fast hand
 Till heathen lands with wond'rous eye,
 Its rising glory shall descrie.

CHORUS.

4. Stand up for Jesus, Christain stand;
 Soon with the blest immortal band,
 We'll dwell for aye life's journey o'er,
 In realms of light, on Heaven's bright shore.

CHORUS.

LOVING JESUS.

Wm. T. ROGERS.

1. I will leave my Je-sus never! On the cross for me he died; Love shall draw me
 2. In his name I stand acquitted While upon the earth I stay; What I have to

to him ev-er, At his feet I will abide. Of my life the light for-ev-er,
 him committed, He will keep un - til that day. Be his service my endeav - or,

I will leave my Je-sus never, Loving Jesus, loving Jesus, Thou shalt ever be my guide.
 I will leave my Je-sus never, Loving Jesus, loving Jesus, Guide me in the ho - ly place.

3. Though I feel the weight and sorrow
 Of my three score years and ten,"
 Inward light from him I'll borrow
 When my eyes are darkened then,
 When the thread of life shall sever
 I will leave my Jesus never;
 Loving Jesus, loving Jesus,
 Guide and keep me to the end.

4. Dwelling in thy presence holy,
 When at length I reach the place
 Where with all the saints in glory,
 I shall see his lovely face;
 Nothing now but bliss forever,
 I will leave my Jesus never:
 Loving Jesus, loving Jesus,
 Guide me to the holy place.

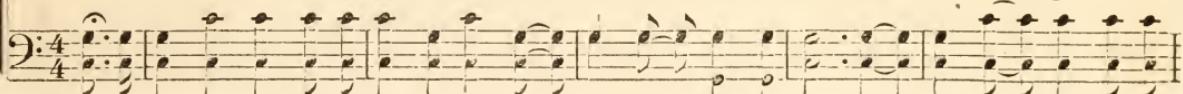
OUR SABBATH HOME.

73

HARVEY CAMP.



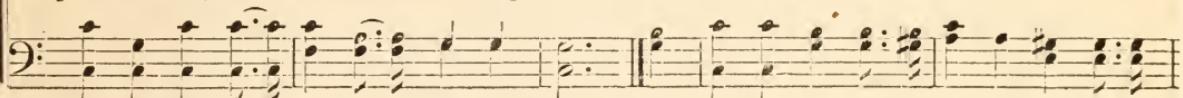
1. Oh, we love to come to our Sabbath home, And learn of our teachers dear, Who point us with love to our
 2. Oh, we love to come to our Sabbath home, When the six days work is o'er, And read and sing of our
 3. Oh, we love to come to our Sabbath home, But we would not come alone; We would each bring in from the



Chorus.



home above, And the crowns that are shining there. Then toil we on till the race is won, And the
 heav'nly King, And learn to love him more. Then toil we on &c.
 paths of sin, Some wretched, wand'ring one. Then toil we on &c.



pearly gates unfold, And we find our rest on the Savior's breast, At home in the city of gold.



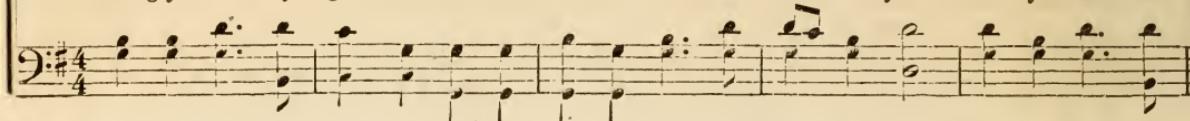
JESUS LOVES YOU.

Words by HELEN L. SMITH.

Music by J. M. K.



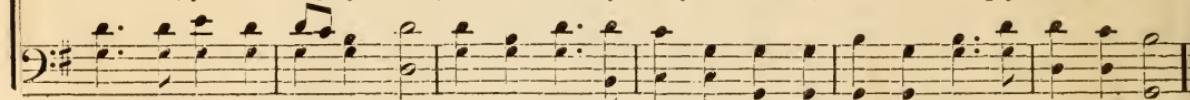
1. Bring your ev'-ry care to Je - sus, Je - sus, your al - migh - ty friend; He will car - ry
2. Je - sus calls you, kind - ly calls you; Trust his nev - er - fail - ing love: He who died on
3. Bring your ev'-ry grief to Je - sus, Who has suf - fer'd so for you: Think you he will



all your burden, Love and keep you to the end. Je - sus loves you, Je - sus loves you,
 Calvary's mountain, Calls you from his home a - bove. Je - sus loves you, &c.
 slight your sorrow? He, the faith-ful and the true? Je - sus loves you, &c.



Je - sus, your al - mighty friend; He will car - ry all your burden, Love and keep you to the end.



4. Bring your every joy to Jesus;
 For he smiles to see you glad;
 He would have his children happy;
 Never gloomy, never sad. CHORUS.

5. Give yourself away to Jesus;
 Oh, he longs to make you blest:
 He will bring you safe to glory,
 Where the ransomed are at rest. CHORUS,

JESUS, I AM NEVER WEARY.

WM. T. ROGERS.

75

1. Jesus, I am never weary In this world of care and pain; If thy presence
2. Dearest Savior? go not from me, Let thy presence still abide; Look in tenderest
3. Both mine arms are clasped around thee, And my head is on thy breast: For my weary

on - ly cheer me, All my loss I count but gain: ev - er near me, ev - er near me,
love up - on me I am shelt'ring at thy side. Dearest Savior; dearest Savior,
soul has found thee, Such a perfect, perfect rest. Dearest Savior, dearest Savior,

ev - er near me, Lord, remain; ev - er near me, Lord, remain.

Who for suff'ring sin-ners died, Who for suff'ring sin-ners died.

Now I know that I am blest, Now I know that I am blest.

LITTLE LAMBS.

He shall gather the lambs with His arms, and carry them in His bosom. Isaiah, XL, 11.



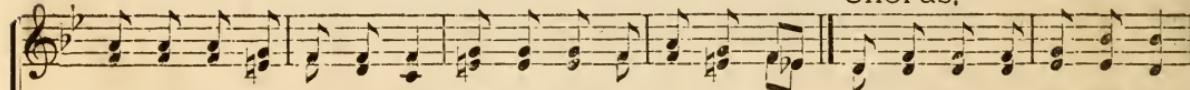
1. Little lambs, so white and fair, Are the Shepherd's constant care; Now lie leads their tender feet
 2. Little lambs, so pure and white, Gather in their fold at night; So when death comes, dark and cold,



In - to pastures green and sweet, Now they listen and o - bey, Following where He leads the way,
 Jesus, take us to thy fold, May Thy strong and loving arms Shield us in those last alarms:



Chorus.



Jesus, may we learn to be, Thus obedi - ent un - to Thee. Little lambs so white and fair,
 Sweet and quiet be our sleep O thou Shepherd of the sheep. Little lambs &c.



Are the Shepherd's constant care; Now He leads their tender feet, In-to pastures green and sweet.

SAVIOR, BLESSED SAVIOR.

WM. T. R.

Saviour, Blessed Saviour, Listen while we sing, Hearts and voices raising, Praises to our King.
 Nearer, ev - er nearer, Christ we draw to Thee, Deep in a - dor - ation, Bending low the knee;

All we have to of - fer, All we hope to be, Body, soul, and spirit, All we yield to Thee
 Thou for our redemption Cam'st on earth to die; Thou, that we might follow, Hast gone up on high.

3. Great and ever greater, are thy mercies here;
 True and everlasting are the glories there;
 Where no pain, or sorrow, toil, or care is known,
 Where the angel legions, circle round thy throne,

4. Onward, ever onward, journeying o'er the road;
 Worn by saints before, journeying on to God;
 Leaving all behind us, may we hasten on,
 Backward never looking till the prize is won.

THE LOVING CALL.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." MATT. xi, 28,

Words by R. F. S.

J. M. K

1. "Tis a tender call that comes to me, Across the broad expanse of years: It speaks of paon,
 2. That call that woke in human hearts, The harmonies of heavenly love; The joy that gre a -

full and free, And bids me banish all my fears: Ye weary, worn, and sorrowing, coie: I'll lone imparts, And promised faith a home a-bove, Once heard along far Jordan's shce, The

Chorus.

give you rest, a crown, a home.
 same to-day; yes, ev - er-more.

The accents sweet, The whisper low, Like evening dew, Or
 The accents sweet, &c.

falling snow, I would respond, with heart aglow,
Thou precious Christ, I go, I go.

2. Just as I am it bids me fly
To Jesus Christ, the sinner's friend:
My sinful soul need never die,
Since God did his Beloved send,
Washed in his blood, the thorn-crowned One
Will share with me his Jasper throne.

4. I need not waltz, I must not stay;
The call now faint will fainter grow;
My Savior bids me come to-day;
Oh quicken, Lord, my footsteps slow,
That ere this peaceful day is done
The great salvation may be won.

THE CROSS BEFORE THE CROWN.

Words by Rev. J. W. CARHART.

WM. T. ROGERS.

1. Our light afflictions, which a moment last, Oft bring the joys of future glo-ry down; They
2. O'er qui - et seas we sail not to our rest: The skies above us oft with tempest frown; Yet
3. What though the whirlwinds shake thy fragile bark, And many waters threaten thee to drown; God

promise give of life when time is past, They bid us wait the cross before the crown.
they who suffer with their Lord are blest, He bore the cross before he wore the crown.
speaks to thee with voice of thunder, hark! Trust thou in him; the cross before the crown.

THE TWO HOMES.

Words by EMILY CARROLL.

Music by L. S. HENTHORN.

1. I have two homes, two happy homes, By God, my Father, given, One precious home is here on earth My
 2. The glories of my home above Nor pen, nor tongue may tell, For none save spirits sanctified In
 3. O glorious, blessed heavn'ly home! Thy glories who can tell? Or half thy wondrous beauty paint, Bright

other home is heaven, I think upon my earthly home, And sweet e - motions rise; Yet
 that bright land may dwell, Sickness and sorrow here on earth Oppress the friends we love, But
 land where angels dwell? My Father! hear my earnest prayer For those I dearly love: O

Chorus.

still my spir - it longs to reach My home above the skies, O beautiful home The
 joy and blessedness a - lone Dwell in our home above, O beautiful home &c.
 take us all, when life is o'er, To our bright home above! O beautiful home &c.

beautiful home,

home of the saints a - bove, O may we all soon reach that home, And dwell in peace and love.
the saints a - bove,

O SUN OF JOY.

WM. T. ROGERS.

1. O sun of joy whose dawn we trace, Revealed in mighty saints of old, Grant
2. O Prince of peace, All glorious, Wise, Arrayed in jewels, shrined in gold, To
us the fullness of that grace, Which they with fee - ble light foretold:
thee we lift our fainting eyes, And pant thy glo - ry to behold.

3. O great High Priest, the veil conceals
Thy sacred form from Israel's sight,
But as thy heart our misery feels,
So Thou our prayers with thine unite.

4. O when shall types and figures end,
And herald stars, and dawning light?
When shall Thy sons with thee ascend,
And faith and hope be lost in sight?

SHEPHERD OF TENDER YOUTH.

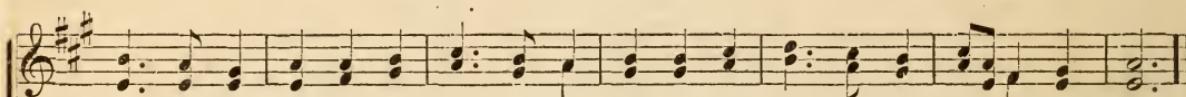
(THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN HYMN.)

I. N. KIEFFER.

In Paed, Liber III, of Clement of Alexandria, is given, in Greek, the most ancient hymn of the Primitive Church. It is there (150 years after the Apostles,) asserted to be of much earlier origin. It may have been sung by the "beloved disciple" before he ascended to his reward.



1. Shepherd of tender youth, Guiding in love and truth, Through devious ways: Christ our tri-
2. Thou art our ho - ly Lord! The all sub - du - ing word, Healer of strife! Thou didst Thy -
3. Thou art wis-dom's High Priest! Thou hast prepared a feast Of ho - ly love! And in our



umphant King! We come Thy name to sing, And here our children bring, To shout Thy praise.
self abase, That from sins deep disgrace, Thou mightest save our race, And give us life.
mor-tal pain, None calls on Thee in vain, ! Help Thou dost not disdain, Help from a - bove.



4. Ever be Thou our Guide,
Our Shepherd and our pride,
Our Staff and song;
Jesus? Thou Christ of God!
By the perennial word,
Lead us where Thou hast trod,
Make our faith strong.

5. So now, and till we die,
Sound we Thy praise on high,
And joyful sing;
Infants, and the glad throng,
Who to Thy Church belong;
Unite and swell the song,
To Christ our King!

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

83

R. D. MUNSON.

Allegro.

1st. Division.

2d. Division.

1. In some way or other the Lord will provide; It may not be MY way, It may not be YOUR way;
 2. At sometime or other the Lord will provide; It may not be MY time, It may not be YOUR time;

All.

Chorus.

And yet in His OWN way the Lord will provide. Then trust in the Lord, in Him ev - er confide: In His
 And yet in His OWN time the Lord will provide. Then trust in the Lord &c.

own time and own way the Lord will provide, In His own time and own way the Lord will provide, the Lord will provide.

HEAVEN.

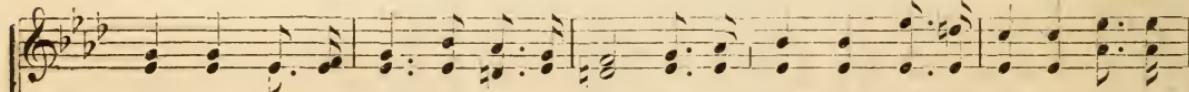
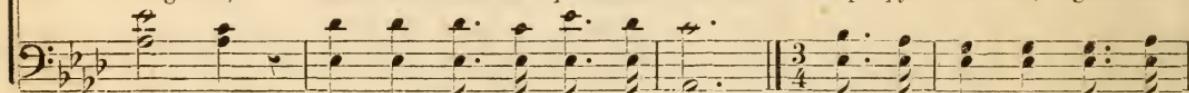
J. M. K.



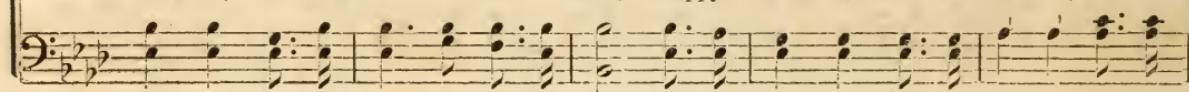
1. Heaven, home of bliss and glo - ry, Where all sin and pain shall cease: We have gladly heard the
 2. Heaven, oh the thought delightful Safe within thy gates to rest; Far from harm and all that's



sto - ry Of thy perfect joy and peace: Ho - ly Heaven, Blessed
 frightful, In our Savior's presence blest: Hap - py Heaven, glorious



Heaven, Place of endless joy and peace, Ho - ly Heaven, Blessed Heaven, Place of
 Heaven, Where we ev - er shall be blest, Happy Heaven, Glorious Heaven, Where we



Chorus.



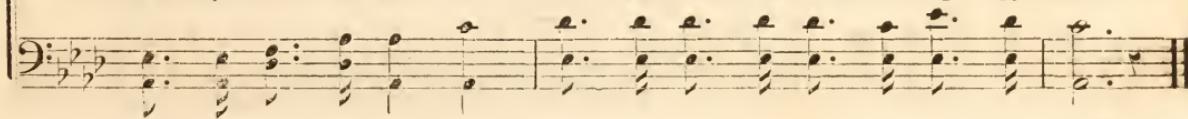
end - less joy and peace. O, I long to be there, and stand among the blest, And ev - er shall be blest. O, I long to be there, &c.



sing with the angels ev - er more, ev - er more, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the



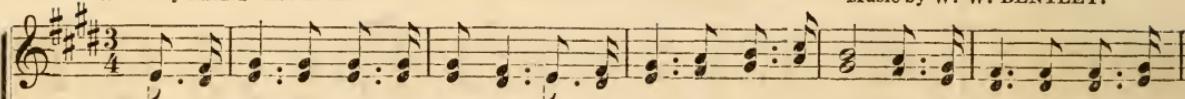
wea - ry are at rest, And dwell with Christ on Canaan's hap - py shore.



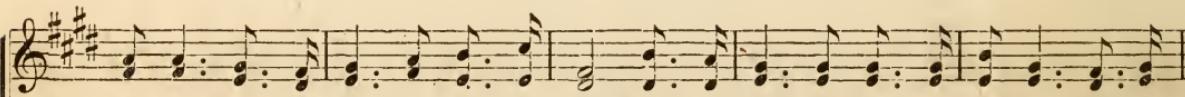
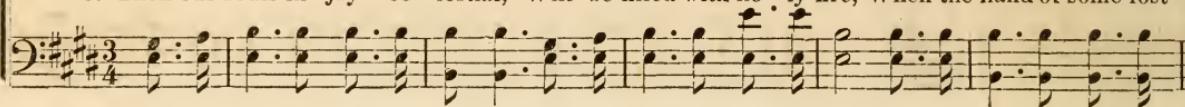
WHEN WE CROSS THE CRYSTAL RIVER.

Words by MARY E. KAIL.

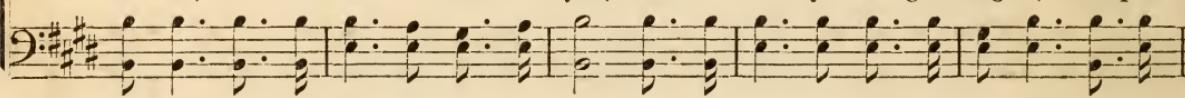
Music by W. W. BENTLEY.



1. When we cross the crystal river, When we reach the other shore, All our trials cease for -
2. When we cross the crystal river, By whose stream we have been led, To the green and living
3. Then our souls in joy ce - lestial, Will be filled with ho : ly fire, When the hand of some lost



ev - er, And our troubles will be o'er; And life's hopes that seem to perish, 'Mid the pastures, Where we always have been fed, We shall wear a crown of triumph, With the treasure, Wakens mus - ic from its lyre; And when tin - y an - gels fingers, Sweep a



clouds of dark despair, Shall be like a crown of jewels, Shining in real beauty there. ransomed and the blest; Safe with-in the Gol - den Ci - ty, We will ev - er be at rest. cross the golden strings, When we stand within the ci - ty, And the shout of welcome rings.



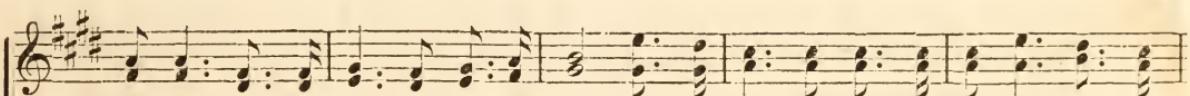
WHEN WE CROSS THE CRYSTAL RIVER. Concluded.

87

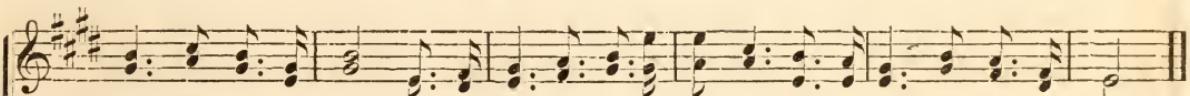
Chorus.



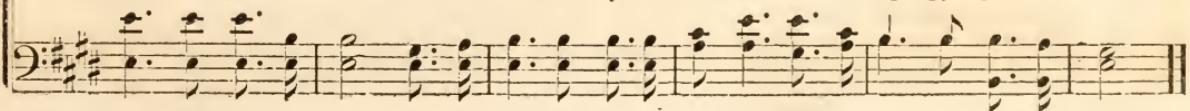
When we cross the crystal river, There to join the angel band, There to meet, no more to



sev - er, In that bright and happy land, We shall sing the songs of glo - ry, With our



lov'd ones gone beforé; When we cross the crystal riv - er. To the hap - py golden shore.



SHOUT THE TIDINGS OF SALVATION.

J. M. K.

1. Shout the tidings of Salvation, To the aged and the young; Till the precious in- vi-

Chorus.

ta - tion wakens ev'ry heart and tongue. Shout the tidings of Sal - va - tion, O'er the

land and o'er the sea; Till, in humble ad - o - ra - tion, All to Christ shall bow the knee.

2. Shout the tidings of Salvation,
From the East unto the West;
Till the gathering Congregation,
Of the Heathen shall be blest.
CHORUS.

3. Shout the tidings of Salvation,
Mingling with the ocean's roar;
Till the ships of every nation,
Bear the news from shore to shore.
CHORUS.

GOSPEL BANNER.

89

WM. T. ROGERS.



1. Onward, onward men of heaven; Bear the gos - pel banner high; Rest not till its
 2. Where the Arc-tic O-cean thunders, Where the trop-ic fiercely glow, Broadly spread its
 3. Rude in speech, or wild in feature, Dark in spir - it, though they be, Show that light to



light is given, Star of ev-ry pa - gan sky: Send it where the pilgrim stranger
 page of wonders, Brightly bid its radianee flow: In - dia marks its lus - tre stealing:
 ev - ry creature, Prince or vassal, bond or free: Lo! they haste to ev - ry nation;

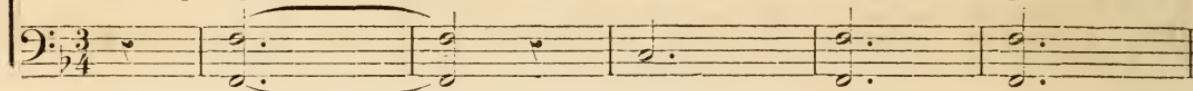


Faints beneath the tor-rid ray: Bid the har - dy for-est ranger, Hail it, ere he fades a - way.
 Shivering greenland loves its rays; Afrie, mid her deserts kneeling, Lifts the untaught strain of praise.
 Host on host the ranks supply: Onward! Christ is your Salvation, And your death is vict-o - ry.

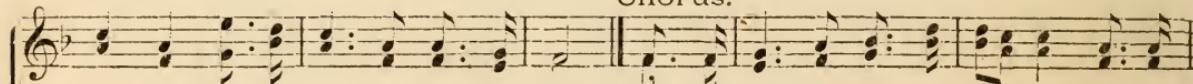




1. Come up higher! Je - sus calls thee; Lowly, fearful, weary guest; Come up higher! Honor
 2. Come up higher! Long hath sorrow, Weigh'd thy fainting spirit down; Come up higher! Glory
 3. Come up higher! Lo! the lov'd ones, From the Mansions of the Blest, Call thee higher! Bid thee



Chorus.



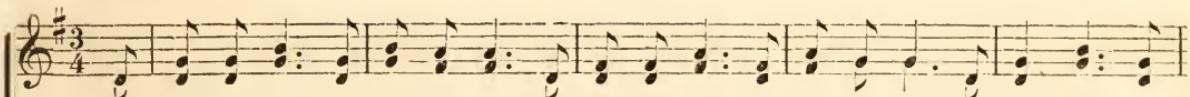
waits thee, Near the Mas - ter of the feast. Come up higher! Come up higher! Blessed
 waits thee, And a nev - er fad - ing crown. Come up higher &c.
 welcome, To the ev - er - last - ing Rest. Come up higher &c.



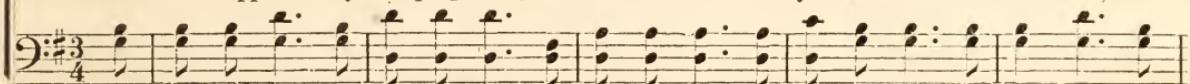
are the humble poor; Come up higher! Come up higher? Stand not trembling at the door.



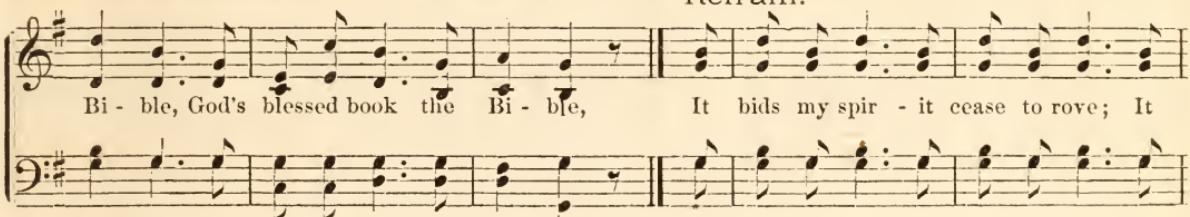
WM. T. ROGERS.



1. What book ought I to love the best, And on its truths se - curely rest? The Bi - ble, the
 2. What tells me of my fal-len state, And how God can me new create? The Bi - ble, &c.
 3. What points me to the Lamb of God, To trust in his a - toning blood? The Bi - ble, &c.
 4. What warns me to abstain from sin, And tends to make me pure within? The Bi - ble, &c.
 5. What teaches me to love my foe, And acts of kindness to him show? The Bi - ble, &c.
 6. What can support my drooping head, When I am laid on my death bed? The Bi - ble, &c.



Refrain.



Bi - ble, God's blessed book the Bi - ble, It bids my spir - it cease to rove; It



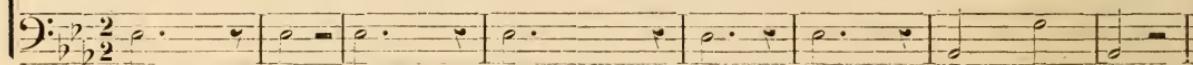
tells me of my Savior's love, And points me to my home above; God's blessed book, the Bi - ble.



Rev. O. O. McCLEAN.



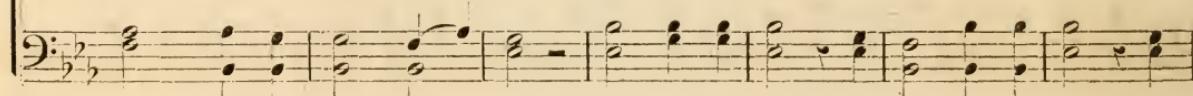
1. Come unto me, all ye that la - bor and are heav - y laden, and I will give you rest,



I will give you rest. Take my yoke up - on you and learn of me, Take my yoke up -



on you and learn of me, For I am meek and low - ly of heart, and



ye shall find rest, rest un - to your souls. For my yoke is
ea - sy, and my burden is light, For my yoke is ea - sy, my bur - den is light.

ea - sy, and my burden is light, For my yoke is ea - sy, my bur - den is light.

AND CAN I YET DELAY.

WM. T. ROGERS.

1. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tie all to give? To tear my soul from earth away, And Je-sus to re-ceive.
2. Nay, but I yield, I yield! I can hold out no more: I sink, by dying love com-pelled, And own thee con-quor-er?
3. Though late, I all for-sake; My friends, my all, resign, Gracious Re-dee-mer, take, O take, And seal me ev-er thine.



1. I know not if the dark or bright, Shall be my lot: If that where in my hopes delight, Be
 2. My bark is wafted to the strand By breath divine; And on the helm there rests a hand Oth -
 3. He holds me when the billows smite, I shall not fall; If sharp, 'tis short; if long, 'tis light: He

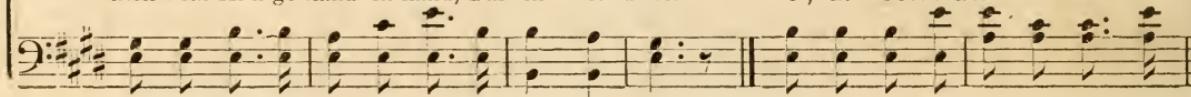


best or not. It may be mine to drag for years, Toil's heav - y chain; Or
 er than mine: One who has known in storms to sail, I have on board; A -
 tem - pers all: Safe to the land, Safe to the land, The end is this: And



day and night my life be tears, On bed of pain.
 bove the rag-ing of the gale I hear my Lord.
 then with Him go hand in hand, Far in - to bliss.

But in Jesus will I trust, For
 Yes in Jesus &c.
 O, in Jesus &c.



Je-sus is my friend; And I know that he will keep me safe to the end.

YOUTH.

A-midst the cheer-ful bloom of youth, With ar-dent zeal pur-sue The ways of pi-e-ty and truth, With death and heav'n in view.

2. Youth is the most accepted time,
To love and serve the Lord;
A flower presented in its prime,
Will much delight afford.

3. Give Him the morning of your days,
And be for-ever blest;
'Tis none but those in wisdom's ways
Enjoy substantial rest.

THE BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

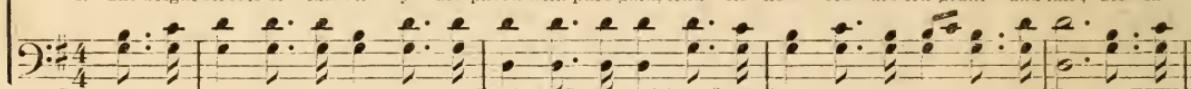
Words by MISS HATTIE BRONSON.

Music by WILLIAM W. BENTLEY.



1. There's a home for the blest on that beau - ti - ful shore, Where our tria - ls and cares all shall cease; Sor-row

2. The bright streets of the cit - y are paved with pure gold, And its flow - ers are fra-grant and fair; Its in -



nev - er shall en - ter that bliss - ful a - bode, Oh, for there shall a - bide per-fect peace.

hab - i-tants nev - er grow wea - ry nor old, For the Lord reigns e - ter - nal - ly there.



Chorus.



On that beau - ti - ful shore, Where the bright angels stay, All our sor-row and palm will be o'er! Oh, we



3. There will be no more parting from those that we love,
No more sighing or shedding of tears;
For no discords shall ruffle that peaceful repose,
Which flows through eternity's years.
CHORUS. On that beautiful shore, &c.

4. Oh, we soon shall be called to that beautiful land.
There to dwell with the just evermore;
There to join in sweet songs with the friends that we love,
Safe at home on the beautiful shore.
CHORUS. On that beautiful shore, &c.

NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

H. D. MUNSON.

1. { No night shall be in Heaven: no gath'ring gloom Shall o'er that glorious land escape ev- er come.
No tears shall fall in sadness, o'er those flow'r's That breath their fragrance thro' cele-stial bow'rs
2. { No night shall be in Heaven: no dreadful hour, Of mental darkness, or the tempter's pow'r
Across those skies no envious clouds shall roll, To dim the sunlight of the raptured soul.
3. { No night shall be in Heaven: no parting word, Shall there throughout e - ter - ni - ty be heard.
No funeral train shall crowd, those lovely plains, Where death comes not but life for ev - er reigns.

No night, no night, No night shall be in Heaven, No night, no night, No night shall be in Heaven.
no night, no night, no night, no night, no night, no night.

HEAR THE ANGELS SING.

Words by Rev. E. H. SEARS.

WM. T. ROGERS.

1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending
 2. Still through the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled; And still their heavenly
 3. Yet with the woes of sin and strife, The world has suffered long; Beneath the an - gel

near the earth! To touch their harps of gold, "Peace to the earth, good will to men," From
 mus - ic floats O'er all the weary world; A-bove its sad and low - ly plains They
 strain have roll'd Two thousand years of wrong; And men, at war with men hear not The

heaven's all gracious King ; The world in solemn stillness lay, To hear the an - gels sing.
 bend on heavenly wings, And ev - er o'er its Ba-bel sounds, The blessed an - gels sing.
 love-song which they bring; O hush the noise, ye men of strife, And hear the an - gels sing.

4. And ye beneath life's crushing load,
 Whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way
 With painful steps, and slow;
 Look now! for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing;
 O, rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the angels sing.

5. For lo! the days are hastening on
 By prophet bards foretold,
 When with the ever circling years
 Comes round the age of gold;
 Then peace shall over all the earth
 Its ancient splendor bring,
 And the whole world send back the song
 Which now the angels sing.

SEEK THE SHEPHERD.

WM. T. ROGERS.

99

1. Seek the tender Shepherd, Little lamb; Seek the tender Shepherd, Little lamb; If you've not al-
 2. It will light your pathway, Wand'ring lamb; It will light your pathway, Wand'ring lamb; Thro' dark wood and
 3. Now through pastures verdant, Trusting lamb; Now through pastures verdant, Trusting lamb; While you watch the
 4. You will find the Shepherd, Happy lamb; You will find the Shepherd, Happy lamb; Upward till the

rea - dy found him; Seek the star whose rays have crown'd him, Lit - tle lamb; lit - tle lamb.
 thorn - y bri - er, Onward, up - ward, ev - er higher, Wand'ring lamb; wand'ring lamb.
 star in - tent - ly, It will lead you calmly, gent - ly, Trusting lamb; trusting lamb.
 light grows clearer, Fold and Shepherd nearer, dearer, Hap - py lamb; happy lamb.

Chorus.

Seek the Shepherd, He will guide you; Naught on earth can ill betide you, While the Shepherd stands beside you, Little lamb.
 Seek the Shepherd, He will guide you; Naught on earth can ill betide you, While the Shepherd stands beside you, Wand'ring lamb.
 Seek the Shepherd, He will guide you; Naught on earth can ill betide you, While the Shepherd stands beside you, Trusting lamb.
 Seek the Shepherd, He will guide you; Naught on earth can ill betide you, While the Shepherd stands beside you, Happy lamb.

THERE IS LIGHT BEYOND THE HILLS.

Words by Mrs L. L. RADCLIFFE.
Joyfully.

Music by JAMES R. MURRAY.

1. Distant E - den, dream'd of E - den, Land beyond the dark blue hills: Thou hast beauties, thou hast pleasures, And my
 2. Beauteous sunlight, fad - ing sunlight, La-ter rests up-on thy spires; Waiting child-heart, mystic childhood, Of the
 3. Distant E - den, dream'd of E - den, Land beyond the dark blue hills; Older minds than sportive children, Dream of

heart with long - ing fills. Mind en - chant-ed, eyes ex - pec - tant Fain would feast on thy de - light, See those
 dreaming nev - er tires. Decks thy fields with robes e'er ver - nal, Hears sweet mu - sic in thy dellis, Brings no
 thee as free from ills, Mor-tals toil - ing, mor-tals wea - ry, As life's du - ties he ful - fills, Trusts for

Chorus.

beauties, taste those pleasures, Which the hills hide from my sight.
 sor - row, brings no sigh-ing, Brings to thee no parting knells.
 brightness in the fu -ture, Look for light be-yond the hills.

Dis-tant E - den, dream'd of E - den, How for

thee each bo - som thrills; There are beauties, there are pleasures, There is light beyond the hills.

SABBATH MORN.

Rev. O. O. McCLEAN.

1. Welcome, delightful morn! Sweet day of sacred rest! We shall thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these moments blest; From
 2. Now may the King descend, And fill his throne of grace; Thy sceptre, Lord, ex - tend, While saints address thy face: Let
 3. Descend, ce - les - tial Dove, With all thy quick'ning power; Disclose a Savior's love, And bless this sa - cred hour: Then

low de - lights and mor-tal toys, We soar to reach im - mortal joys, We soar to reach immor - tal joys
 sln - ners feel thy quick'ning word, And learn to know and fear the Lord, And learn to know and fear the Lord
 shall my soul new life ob - tain, Nor Sab-bath be en - joyed in vain, Nor Sabbath be enjoyed in vain.

1. A lit - tle sin,— it seems, at first, Searely a sin at all; But lit - tle sins are
 2. And quickly, on the downward way, The thoughtless sinner speeds, Till on the evening

things accurs'd, God does not count them small. For, from the ev - il heart with - in, Soon
 of his day, He finds out where it leads. Dear Lord, the lit - tle fox - es slay, That

greater things proceed; The growth of un - re - strained sin, Is ter - ri - ble indeed.
 would my grapes devour; This heart will wander from thy way, Till kept there by thy power.

BLESSED ARE THEY.

103

Rev. O. O. McCLEAN.

SOLO.



Blessed are they that do His commandments that they may have right to the Tree of Life;



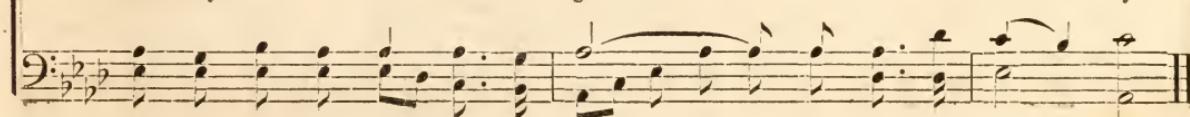
Chorus.



Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life;



And may en - ter in thro' the gates in - to the Cit - - y.



thro' the gates,

WHEN SHALL I WEAR A GOLDEN CROWN.

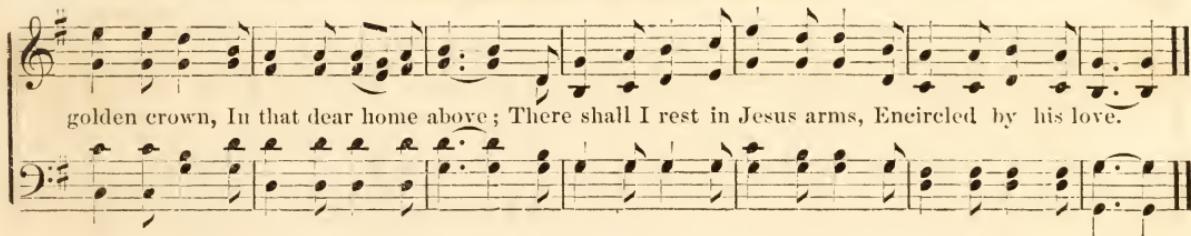
Words by MARY E. KAIL.

WM. T. ROGERS.

1. When shall I wear a golden crown? Up-on the oth-er shore, Where saints, around the
 2. Of thee sweet land, Oh, let me sing, A home to me so dear, Where I shall rest with
 3. When shall I in the mansions dwell, That Je-sus has for me, And gather, precious

heavenly throne, Rejoice for - ever more? Sweet land above, of thee I dream in hours of gloom and
 those I love, From sin and sorrow here, No night is in my heavenly home; There is no parting
 golden fruits, From life's immortal tree, When trials, labors all are o' - er, No more by them op -

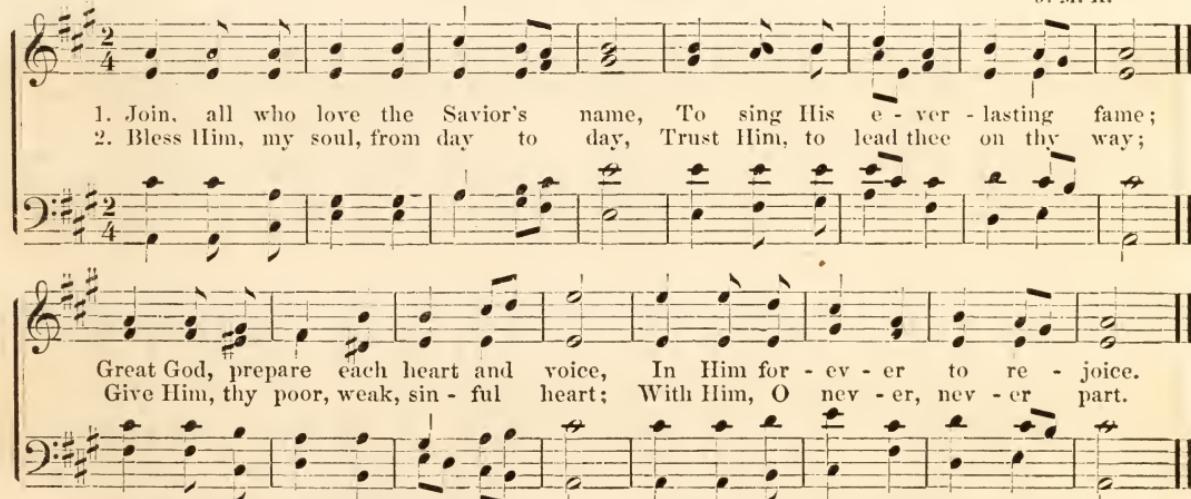
pain. Where I shall meet at Jesus feet, My lov'd and lost, a-gain. There I shall wear a
 hand; In joyous notes the music floats, Trilled by an an-gel band. There I shall wear &c.
 prest, My barque will glide o'er the rippling tide, Into the port of rest. There I shall wear &c.



golden crown, In that dear home above; There shall I rest in Jesus arms, Encircled by his love.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

J. M. K.



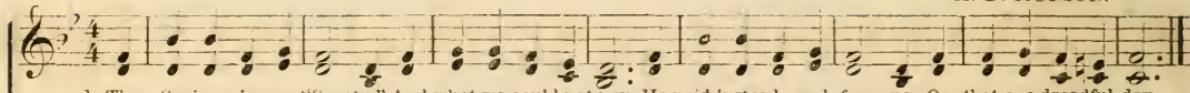
1. Join, all who love the Savior's name, To sing His e - ver - lasting fame;

2. Bless Him, my soul, from day to day, Trust Him, to lead thee on thy way;

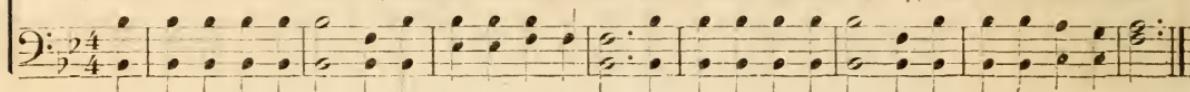
Great God, prepare each heart and voice, In Him for - ev - er to re - joice.
Give Him, thy poor, weak, sin - ful heart; With Him, O nev - er, nev - er part.

3. Take Him for strength and righteousness,
Make Him thy refuge in distress;
Love Him, above all earthly joy,
And Him in every thing employ.

4. Praise Him, in cheerful, grateful songs;
To Him, your highest praise belongs;
Bless Him who does your heaven prepare,
And makes you meet His joy to share.



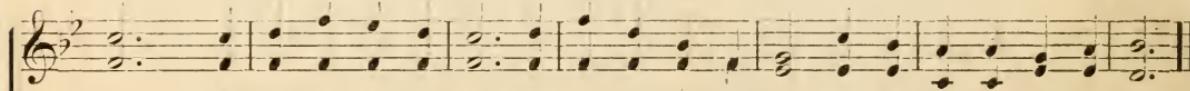
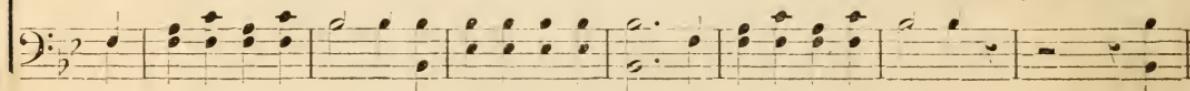
1. The Savior is our "Surety," And what we could not pay, He paid instead, and for us On that one dreadful day.
 2. 'Twas for our sins he suffered; 'Twas for our sins he died; And not for ourselves on - ly, But all the world beside.



Chorus.



Oh, wonder - ful redem - p - tion! God's reme - dy for sin! The door of heav'n stands o - pen, And you may en - ter



in, - - - And you may en - ter in. The door of heav'n stands o - pen, And you may en - ter in.



3. And now the work is "finished;"
 The sinner's debt is paid,
 Because on "Christ the Righteous,"
 The sin of all is laid.

CHORUS,

4. Then take this Great Salvation,
 For Jesus loves to give;
 Believe, and you receive it,
 Believe, and you shall live.

CHORUS,

THERE'LL BE NO PARTING THERE.

107

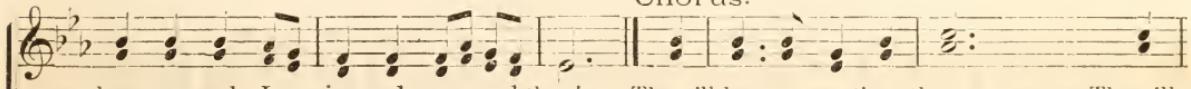
J. M. K.



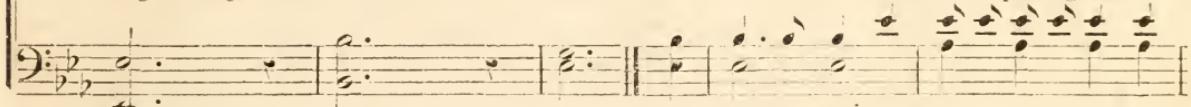
1. Je - ru-salem! my happy home! Name ever dear to me: When shall my la - bors
 2. Oh when, thou cit-y of my God, Shall I thy courts ascend, Where ev - emore the



Chorus.



have an end, In joy and peace and thee! There'll be no parting there, There'll
 angels sing, And Sabbaths have no end? no parting there



be no parting there, In heaven above, where all is love, There'll be no parting there.



3. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
 Nor sin nor sorrow know:
 Blest seats, thro' rude and stormy scenes,
 I onward press to you.

CHORUS.

4. O, there they live in such delight,
 Such pleasure and such play,
 As that to them a thousand years,
 Doth seem as yesterday!

CHORUS.

Chorus.

long, I long, for thee; The ci - ty of gold I long to behold, And all its glories see.

THE SAVIOR BIDS YOU COME.

Words and Music by Rev. I. N. KIEFFER.

1. Chil - dren, come, the Sav - ior's call o - bey; Come and join our joy - ful band to - day:
 2. Lit - tle hands the fall - en ones can raise; Lit - tie tongues can sing the Savior's praise;
 3. Seek His love poured out up - on the tree; Bear His cross, 'tis life to you and me;

Come and la - bor, sing and praise and pray, For the Sa - vior bids you com -
 Lit - tle hearts can love His ho - ly ways, For the Sa - vior bids you com -
 Taste His grace, 'tis plentious, large and free, And the Sa - vior bids you com -

4. Toil and labor in His cause of love;
 Hear His voice, and in His footsteps move,
 Till at last, to shining fields above,
 Christ, the Savior bids you come.

5. There, with all the faithful and the blest,
 There we'll dwell in everlasting rest,
 Pillowed on His tender, loving breast,
 There, the Savior bids us come.

TALENTS.

"Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness." Matt, xxv. 30.



1. You have talents, dear children, God gave them to you, And will surely require them a - gain: Take
2. You have speech; then remember to watch your words well, And let them be gentle and kind; It may



care not to waste them; if ev - er so few, Let them not have been giv-en in vain,
seem a small mat-ter, but no one can tell The com - fort a word leaves be - hind.

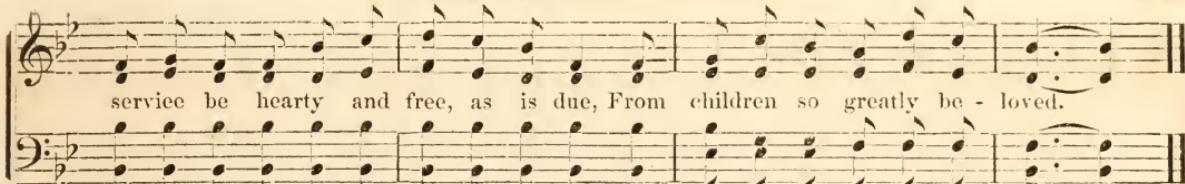


Chorus.



Then con - sid - er the tal - ents in - trusted to you, And may they be du - ly improved; Let your





3. You have time; every minute and hour of the day,
Is lent by your Father in heaven:
Make haste to improve, ere it passes away,
This talent so graciously given.

4. You have influence, too, though it seems very small
Yet, in greater or lesser degree,
You affect the improvement and comfort of all,
With whom you may happen to be.

HAVE MERCY ON ME.

Arranged by H. D. MUNSON.



2. Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears. CHORUS.

3. But drops of grief can ne'er repay,
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do. CHORUS.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the dew is
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill brightest hours with
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing; Un - der the sun - set skies, While their bright tints are

spark - ling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows bright - - er,
 la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev' - ry fly - ing mo - - ment .
 glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies; Work till the last beam fad - - eth,

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
 Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
 Fad-eth to shine no more: Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

COMING TO THE SAVIOR.

Words and Music by

113

Rev. I. N. KIEFFER.

1. In the ear-ly days of childhood, We will to the Savior come; We will ear-ly learn to
 2. In life's youthful day's of springtime, We will to the Savior come; Of-ten, tho' our hearts may

We will come,

love Him, He will safely lead us home. On the cross He died to save us, From our sin, and death and
 wander, He will safely lead us home. On the cross He died to save us, From our sin, and death and

woe, In the ear-ly days of child-hood, We will to the Sav-ior go.
 woe, In life's youthful days of spring-time, We will to the Sav-ior go.

3. In the prime of manhood's summer,
 We will to the Savior come;
 When in strength we seek His favor,
 He will safely lead us home,
 On the cross He died to save us,
 From our sin, and death and woe,
 In the prime of manhood's summer,
 We will to the Savior go.

4. In the sunset of life's evening,
 We will to the Savior come;
 When in death we fast are fading,
 He will safely lead us home,
 On the cross He died to save us,
 From our sin, and death and woe,
 In the sunset of life's evening,
 We will to the Savior go.

I'LL SING FOR JESUS.

Words and Music by SYLVESTER PENNELL.

1. I'll sing for Je-sus, while I live, And when I'm called to die, Then in a no-bler,
 2. I'll sing for Je-sus, in the morn; At noon I'll praise His name, And when the even-ing
 3. Al-though I am a lit-tle child, For Je-sus I will sing; His gen-tie hand doth

sweet-er song, I'll praise His name on high; For He has al-ways been my Rock,— A
 shadows come, I'll sing His praise the same; For Je-sus loves a lit-tle child: He
 lead my feet Out of the paths of sin. I'll sing for Je-sus while I live, And

help in time of need; A shel-ter from the storm-y blast, A faith-ful friend in - deed.
 takes them in His arms, And if we on - ly trust in Him, He'll keep us from all harm.
 when I'm called to die, Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing for Him on high.

SEEKING FOR MERCY.

115

Words by Rev. J. M. LOWRIE. D. D.

Music by HARVEY CAMP.

1. Je-sus, Author of Sal-va-tion, Suppliant at Thy feet I lie; View me with divine com-
 2. Give me faith, O Lord, the blessed, Answering to Thy gracious might; Thou of all things art pos-

passion, From Thy radiant throne on high; I have wander'd, long neg-lect-ed, Mercy's sess-ed, And all things are Thine by right; Look up-on me with compas-sion. Pleading

call and Wisdom's plea: Can Thy grace, so long re-jected, Still ex-tend-ed be to me?
 through Thy cross of grief; I be-lieve in Thy sal-va-tion, Help, O Lord, my un-belief.

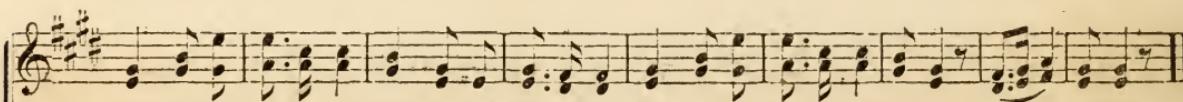
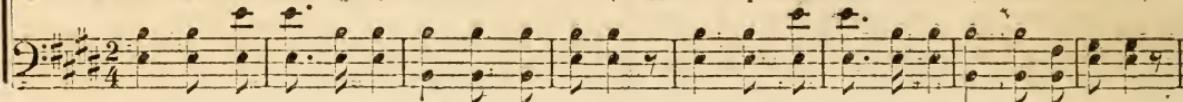
REUNION IN HEAVEN.

To Dr. A. C. MILLER.

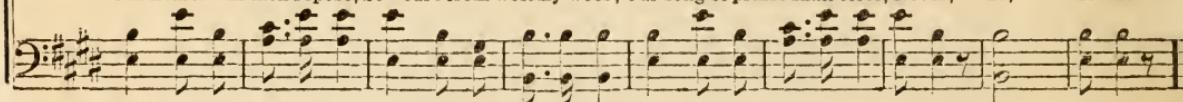
J. M. R.



1. When shall we meet again? Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace wreath her chain Round us for-ev - er?
2. When shall love free - ly flow, Pure as life's river? When shall sweet friend-ship glow, Changeless fore-er?
3. Up to that world of light, Take us, dear Savior; May we all there u-nite, Hap - py for - ev - er?
4. Soon shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever; Soon will peace wreath her chain Round us for-ev - er;



Our hearts will ne'er repose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes, Never, no, never!
 Where joys ce - lestial thrill Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Never, no, never.
 Where kindred spirits dwell, There may our music swell, And time our joys dispel, Never, no, never!
 Our hearts will then repose, Se - cure from worldly woes; Our song of praise shall close, Never, no, never!

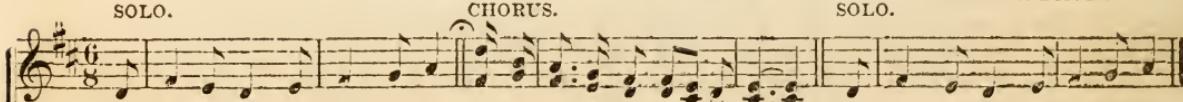


BEAUTIFUL MANSIONS.

SOLO.

CHORUS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. O, how my spir - it longs to go, To those beautiful mansions there; Where I shall nev - er sor - row know,



Chorus.

In those beauti - ful mansions there; Ar-rayed in robes of spot - less white, Within those walls of golden light, I'll

Chorus.

roam with an - gels fair and bright, In those beauti - ful mansions there, Beau - ti - ful mansions there!

Bean - ti - ful mansions there! O, how my spir - it longs to go, To those beauti - ful mansions there!

2. No winter drear, no gloomy night,
In those beautiful mansions there;
No dripping cloud obscures the light,
In those beautiful mansions there:
There tears from mourners never start:
A Father's love warms every heart,
And lov'd ones never more will part,
In those beautiful mansions there.

CHORUS.

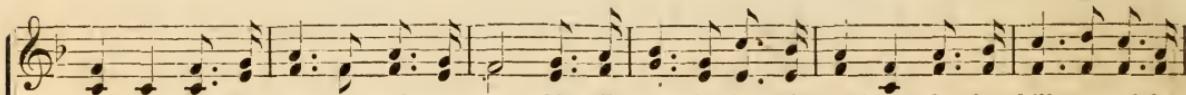
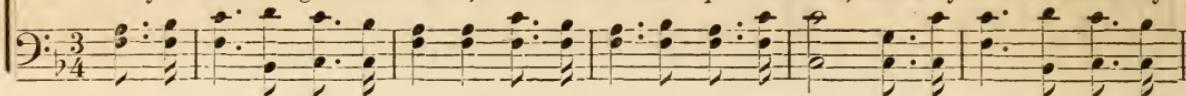
3. I soon shall stand before the gate,
Of those beautiful mansions there,
Where lov'd ones for my spirit wait,
In those beautiful mansions there;
They wait to guide me to that rest
Where Jesus now awaits the best,
That perfect rest naught can molest,
In those beautiful mansions there.

CHORUS.

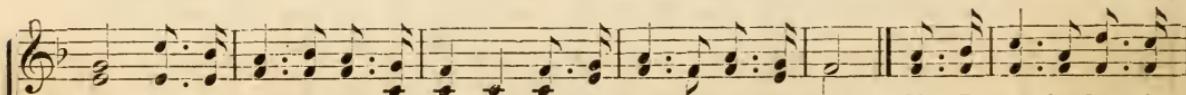
Dr. A. T. HAMILTON.



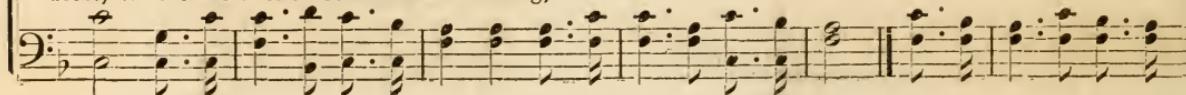
1. I am waiting by the riv - er, And my heart has waited long; Now I think I hear the
 2. Far a-way beyond the shadows Of this weary vale of tears, There the tide of bliss is
 3. They are launching on the riv-er, From the calm and qui - et shore, And they soon will bear my



cho-rus Of the angels welcome song. Oh, I see the dawn is breaking, On the hill-tops of the
 sweeping Thro' the bright and changeless years. Oh, I long to be with Je-sus, In the mansions of the
 spir - it, Where the wea-ry sigh no more; For the tide is swiftly flowing, And I long to greet the



blest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest. Oh, I see the dawn is
 blest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, &c.
 blest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, &c.



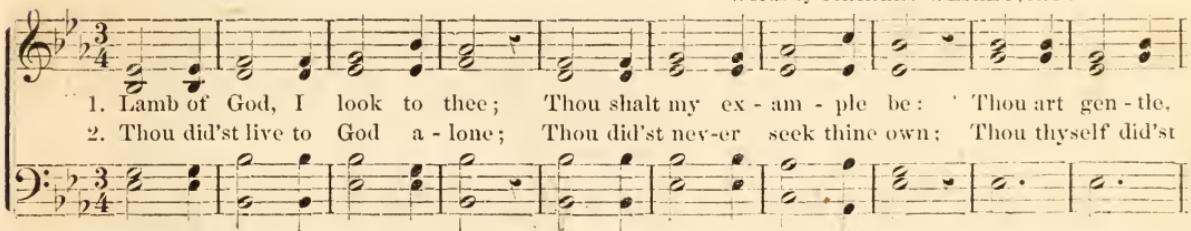


breaking, On the hilltops of the blest, Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest.

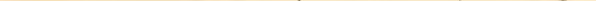


LAMB OF GOD!

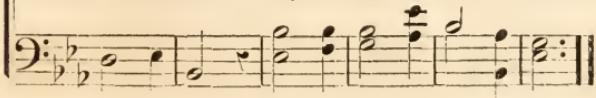
Words by CHARLES WESLEY, A. D. 1740.



1. Lamb of God, I look to thee; Thou shalt my ex - am - ple be: Thou art gen - tle,
 2. Thou did'st live to God a - lone; Thou did'st nev-er seek thine own; Thou thyself did'st



meek and mild; Thou wast once a lit - the child.
 nev-er please; God was all thy hap-pi-ness.



3 Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,
 In thy gracious hands I am;
 Make me, Savior, what thou art;
 Live thyself within my heart.

4 I shall then show forth thy praise,
 Serve thee all my happy days,
 Then the world shall always see
 Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

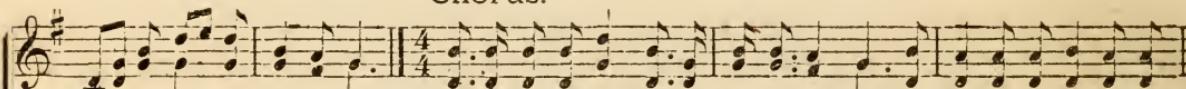
PRAYER OF YOUTH.

Words and Music by W. W. PARTRIDGE.

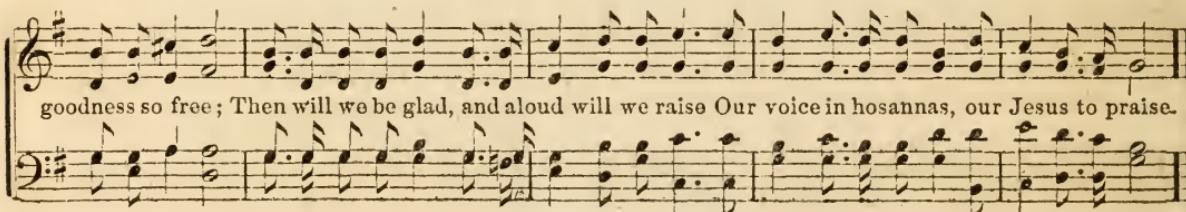


1. Je-sus, like a lit - tle child, May we all come un - to Thee; Make us humble, pure, and mild;
2. Make us love Thy word of truth, Ear-ly seek to do Thy will; Guide us from our ear - ly youth
3. Long or short tho' life may be, Crown it with Thy robe of white; Be our death but life in Thee,

Chorus.



From our sins, O set us free. Then will we rejoice and be happy in Thee, and tell of Thy love and Thy
 Up the way to Zion's Hill. Then will we rejoice &c.
 Life in Thine e-ter-nal light. Then will we rejoice &c.



HELP US, OH LORD!

121

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Help us, Oh, Lord! each hour of need, Thy heavenly succor give; Help us in thought and
 2. Help us, Oh, Lord! thro' prayer of faith, More firmly to be - lieve; We know the more the
 3. Help us, Oh, Je-sus! from on high; We know no help but thee; Oh, help us so to

Chorus.

Help us, . . . Oh, Lord!

word and deed, Each hour on earth we live.
 ser-vant hath, The more he shall re - ceive.
 live and die, As Thine in Heav'n to be.

Help us, Oh, Lord! Help us Oh Lord, Help,

Help us, Oh, Lord!

in each hour of need, Help us, Oh, Lord! Help us, Oh, Lord! In thought and word and deed.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

REST.

Theme from F. D. ABBOTT.

Song.

1. Are you wea - ry, heav - y la - den? Do you pine in sadness?
2. Cast your ev' - ry care up - on Him, Ye that weep in sor - row;
3. Though you have no earth - ly comfort, Though your friends forsake you,
4. Soon He'll send the shln - ing an - gels, Down to bear our spir - its

Look up, brother, heav'n is smiling;
 Seek His face to day, my brother,
 Look up brother, heav'n is smiling,
 To the home of joy and gladness,

Quartet.

Christ will bring you gladness,
 Wait not for to - morrow,
 Christ the Lord will take you,
 That each saint in - her - its,

In the mansions of the blest,
 On His lov - ing breast recline.
 See! He o - pens wide His arms,
 Then in mansions of the blest.

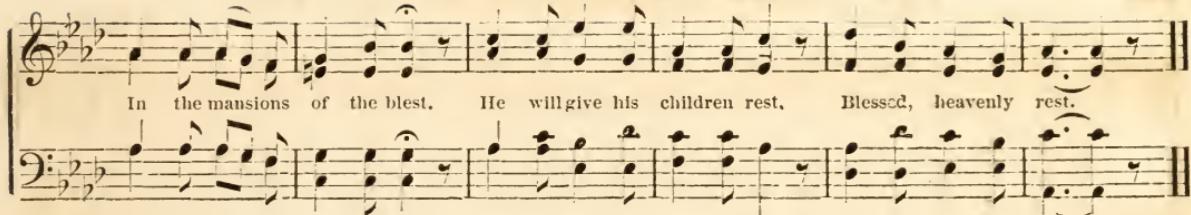
He will give his children rest,
 He will give you peace divine,
 Fly to Him from sin's alarms,
 He will give us rest, sweet rest,

Full Chorus.

In the mansions of the blest,
 On His lov - ing breast recline,
 See, He o - pens wide His arms,
 Then in mansions of the blest,

He will give his children rest,
 He will give you peace divine,
 Fly to Him from sin's alarms,
 He will give us rest, sweet rest.

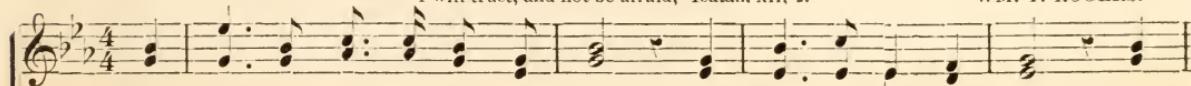
In the land of peace and glo - ry,
 In the land of peace &c.,
 In the land of peace &c.,
 In the land of peace &c.



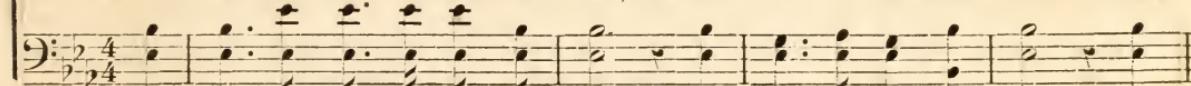
TRUST IN GOD.

"I will trust, and not be afraid, Isaiah, xii, 2.

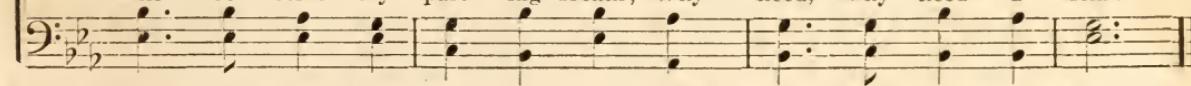
WM. T. ROGERS.



1. I will not be a - fraid at night, When all a - lone I lie, And
 2. His shelt'ring arm supports my head, And lov - ing - ly he keeps A
 3. I will not be a - fraid of death, When - ev - er it draws near: Christ



dark - ness takes the place of light; For God, for God is nigh.
 con - stant watch a - round my bed; God nev - er, nev - er sleeps.
 will re - ceive my part - ing breath; Why need, why need I fear?



4. Then only one thing will I fear,
 The very thought of sin:
 Give me, O Lord, a heart sincere,
 And peace, and peace within.

5. Preserve me from the tempter's power,
 Be nigh to succor me;
 And give me wisdom, hour by hour,
 To trust, to trust in thee,

LET EVERY HEART REJOICE AND SING.

J. M. K.

Let cho - ral anthems rise;

Let ev' - ry heart rejoice and sing, Let cho - ral an - thema rise; Ye rev'rend men and children,
Let cho - ral an - thema rise;

To God your sac - ri - fies,

bring, To God your sac - ri - fies, For he is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways, With

songs and honors sounding loud, The Lord Je - hovah praise, While the rocks and the rills, While the vales and the hills, A

glorious anthems raise, (Let each prolong the grateful song, And the God of our fathers praise.

FATHER TAKE MY HAND.

Tenderly.

W. W. PARTRIDGE.

1. Father, take my hand and lead me, Hold it ev - er close in thine; Let thy tender care pro -
 2. Thou art strong in loving kindness, I am weak as man may be; All my knowledge is but

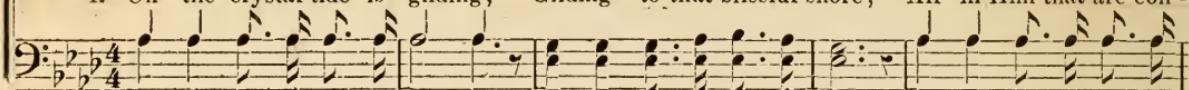
vide me, Fill my soul with peace divine.
 blindness, Bright the light that shines in thee.

3. Oh, do thou in love befriend me,
 Let me feel thee ever near;
 What tho' sorrows may attend me,
 I shall neither fail nor fear.
4. Take my hand and blessing, teaching,
 Loving mercy to me show,
 Then, thy help and strength possessing,
 Where thou leadest I will go.

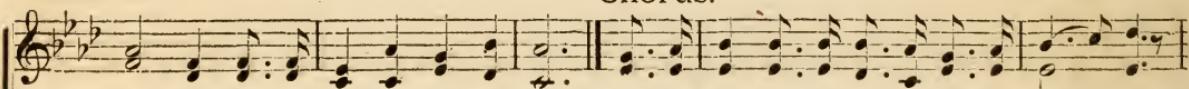
FRANK M. DAVIS.



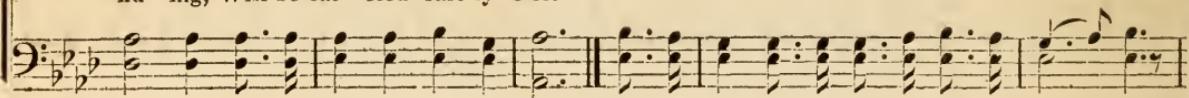
1. O'er the crystal tide we're going, Where we'll lay life's burden down, Where the tree of life is
 2. Where the crystal tide is flowing, Wait our lov'd ones gone before, There 'mid fields immortal
 3. O'er the crystal tide for-ev- er, Bloom the ne-ver fading flow'rs, Earthly shadows come there
 4. On the crystal tide is gliding; Gliding to that blissful shore; All in Him that are con-



Chorus.



growing, Where awaits a robe and crown. Then we'll sing at the crystal tide for - ev - er.
 growing; Singing praises ev - ermore.
 nev - er, Je - sus lights those heav'nly bow'rs.
 fid - ing, Will be car - ried safe-ly o'er.



Where we'll lay life's burden down; Then we'll meet the blessed Savior, And receive a starry crown.



JESUS CAME.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

127

1. Je-sus came, Je-sus came, Born a lit-tle child for me; To this world of sin and
 2. Je-sus died, Je-sus died, Died a cru-el death for me: For my sake was cru-ci-

shame, Came from sin to set me free; He, who all the world did frame, Laid a-
 fied, Hanging on th' ac-cursed tree, Pierced hands and bleed-ing side, Wounded

side his ma-jes-ty, Je-sus came, Je-sus came, Born a lit-tle child for me.
 for my sake, I see; Je-sus died, Je-sus died, Died up-on the cross for me.

3 Jesus rose, Jesus rose,—
 Left the gloomy grave for me;
 Gained the vict'ry o'er his foes,
 Conquered the last enemy;
 Fearless I'll in death repose,
 Till his summons sets me free;
 Jesus rose, Jesus rose,
 Rose and left the grave for me.

4 Jesus lives, Jesus lives,
 Ever lives to plead for me;
 All my daily sins forgives,
 Grants me grace his child to be,
 When immortal life he gives,
 I shall rise his face to see;
 Jesus lives, Jesus lives,
 Lives to intercede for me.

REMEMBER ME.

N. COE. STEWART

1. O wondrous sto - ry of the Lord! It thrills our hearts with love, That Je-sus came to
 2. In human form he deigned to dwell, To raise our fallen race; And shed a - bout a

Chorus.

rescue men, And left his throne a - bove. Help me, dear Sa - vior, thee to own, And
 manger rude, The brightness of his grace.

ev - er faithful be; And when thou sit - test on thy throne, Dear Lord, remember me."

3. The angels sang and men rejoiced,
 In hope of endless bliss;
 And hailed the star of Bethlehem,
 The pledge of love and peace.

4. It shines to-day to guide us on
 Through earthly storms to him;
 The pole-star for the sinner's bark,
 Whose light is never dim.



1. From lit - tle ones to Jesus brought, Ho - san-na now be heard; Let lit - tle infants
 2. Ho - san - na, sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain, While louder, sweeter,



Chorus.



now be taught To lisp that lov - ly word. Ho - san - na be the children's song, To
 clear - er still Woods ech - o to the strain.



Christ the children's King; His praise, to whom our souls belong, Let all the children sing.



3. Hosanna on the wings of light
 O'er earth and ocean fly,
 Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
 And heaven to earth reply.

CHORUS.

4. Hosanna, then our song shall be,
 Hosanna to our King;
 This is the children's Jubilee,
 Let all the children sing.

CHORUS.

Words by LETTA C. LORD.

Solo, or Duett and Chorus.

1. Is thy trembling heart a weary, Are thy footsteps al-most gone; Does life seem a burden
 2. Is thy spir - it sad with - in thee, Raise thy heart in earn - est prayer; Trust a Fath - er's lov - ing
 3. Has thy spir - it grown a - wea - ry; Do not fal - ter in thy strie; God has work for thee, my

drea - ry? Cour - age broth - er struggle on! Bear it cheer - ful - ly and bravely, Do not stop to weep or
 kindness, Trust a Fath - er's ten - der care; Call up - on him in thy sorrow, He will hear thy fa'ring
 broth - er, As thou tread'st the path of life; Dark - ness may obscure thy pathway, Clouds may gather in thy

Chorus.

sigh, Af - ter night the morning dawneth, Light will greet thee by and by. By and by the morning
 cry, Though thou seest no sign of dawning, Light will greet thee by and by.
 sky, Storms may rage, but do not murmur, Light will greet thee by and by.

dawneth, By and by, By and by; Though thou seest no sign of dawning, Light will greet thee by and by.

HEAVENLY LONGING.

Words and Music by
Joyously.

Dr. J. D. VINTON.

1. My longing soul would fly A - way from earth a - far, To pur - er worlds be
2. There is a land un - seen, Unsearched by mor - tal eye, Where fields are al - ways

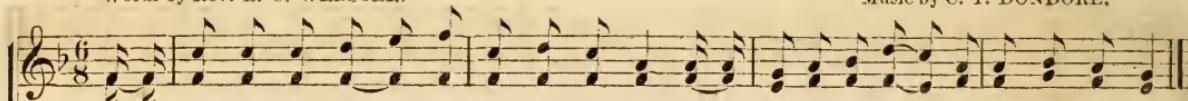
yond the sky, Where ho - ly spir - its are.
spread with green, And spring is ev - er nigh.

3. That is the land I seek,
'Tis there I long to go;
But hark! I hear my Savior speak,
'There yet is work to do.'
4. Then patiently I'll wait
Till Christ the Lord shall come,
Then, casting off this mortal state,
I'll rise to heaven my home.

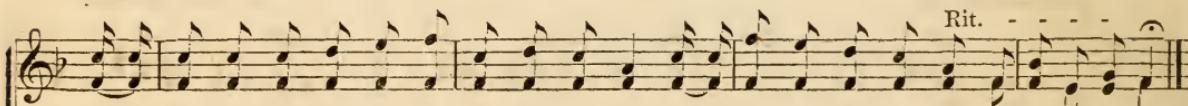
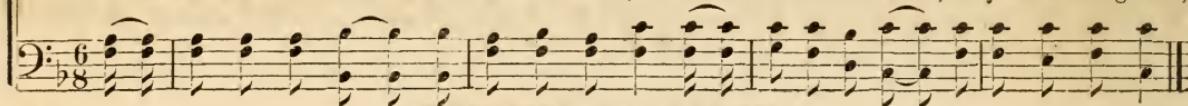
A PENNY A DAY.

Words by Rev. L. C. WEBSTER.

Music by C. T. DONDORF.



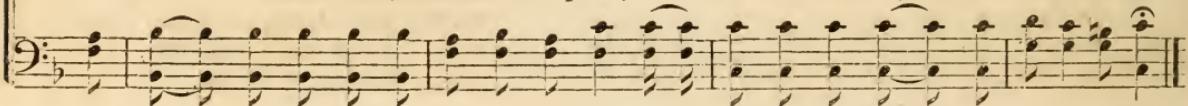
1. "Go work in my vineyard" the husbandman said, "A 'penny a day' shall all workers be paid;
 2. To the husbandman's call, a number took heed; To the husbandman's terms, they all were agreed;



Be kind and be gentle, be faithful and true; Be prompt and be cheerful in all that you do;
 Some went in the morning, and others at noon; Some wrought but six hours, and others but one;



Look well to the vintage, be frugal of cost; Let no vines be injured, let no fruits be lost.
 But when even was come, lo! to their surprise; The Lord of the vineyard, both equal and wise;



Rit.

And the Lord of the vineyard will pay you at night, A full penny a day or what-ev-er is right.
 Direct-ed his steward; a full penny to pay, Whether serving the whole, or but part of the day.

Chorus.

Go work, I say, Go work, to-day, Go work in my vineyard, my vineyard to day, All

aught to go ear-ly and la-bor till night, For a penny a day, or what-ev-er is right.

3. How this could be equal, and lawful and good;
 Was a matter to them not quite understood:
 How the work of an hour, should be equal in pay,
 To "bearing the burden, and heat of the day;
 To these the Lord said, "didst not agree,
 For a penny a day," to labor for me?
 Of the others 'tis said, and the record is true;
 They were men in the market, with nothing to do.
 CHORUS.

4. Let none be misled in a matter so grave
 As to think that a penny means only to save,
 Or Salvation will be as much to a man,
 That does least, as to him who does all he can:
 Then enter the vineyard let nothing delay;
 And expect at the last a full penny a day:
 And should you be late, If you work with your might;
 A full penny you'll get, or what ever is right.
 CHORUS.

ABIDE WITH US. Recitation and Song.

Words by M. H. BROWN.

Music by J. M. KIEFFER.

[The Recitation may be read by the Superintendent, or recited by the scholars, either singly or in classes; the Song should be sung by all.]

1. RECITATION.

"Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And He went in to tarry with them." Luke 24: 29. "For we are strangers before Thee, sojourners, as were all our fathers; our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding." 1 CHRON. 29: 15.

SONG.

Abide with us, dear Savior, We feel so much alone, And need Thy blessed presence now, To cheer our transient home.

2. RECITATION.

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations," "Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life." John 14: 6. Psalm 90: 1.

SONG.

Abide with us, dear Savior;
This world doth seem so drear,
With all its joys and pleasures too;
We're sad without Thee here.

3. RECITATION.

"He shall call upon me, and I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble! I will deliver him, and honor him." Psalm 91: 15. "For through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father," Eph. 2: 15.

SONG.

Abide with us, dear Savior;
Our hearts are sore opprest;
Temptation, sin on every side,
We look to Thee for rest.

4. RECITATION.

"Jesus saith unto him, I am the Way, and the Truth, and the Life." John 14: 6.

SONG.

Abide with us, dear Savior,
Our dear, our only Friend;
The promised Way, the Truth, the Life,
Our Comfort to the end.

5. RECITATION.

"For through Him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father," Eph. 2: 15.

SONG.

Abide with us, dear Savior;
Our hearts do long to know
More of Thy joy, more of Thy grace,
While journeying here below.

6. RECITATION.

"But unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings," Matt. 4: 2.

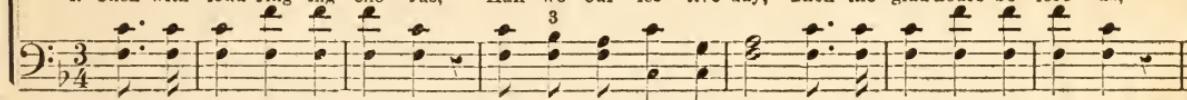
SONG.

Abide with us, dear Savior;
Thou glorious Star so bright,
Thou Day-spring, Sun of Righteousness,
That lights the darkest night.

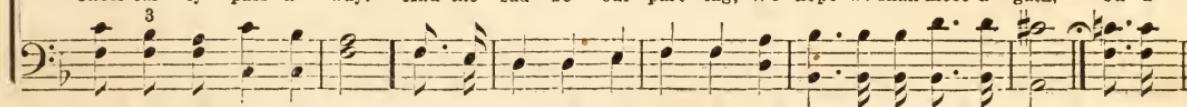
WAKE THE LOUD RINGING CHORUS.



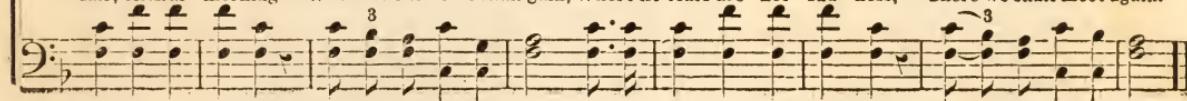
1. Wake the loud ring-ing cho - rus! Hail we our fes - tive day! Let the glad hours be - fore us,
 2. Af - ter night comes fair morning, Beau - ti - ful o'er the hills, Af - ter storm shines the rain-bow,
 3. Thus we joy - ful - ly greet you, Friends of our youth-ful years, Thus we greet friend and teach - er,
 4. Then with loud ring-ing cho - rus, Hail we our fes - tive day, Then the glad hours be - fore us,



Hap - pl - ly pass a - way; For though sad be our part-ing, We tear-ful-ly bid a - dieu; Pleasant
 Mirror'd in all the rills. Af - ter la - bor and sor - row, And strife on life's bat - tle plain, Comes a
 All that our love en - dears. You have watch'd o'er us kind - ly, Have cheered us a - long the way, That will
 Cheer-ful - ly pass a - way. And tho' sad be our part - ing, We hope we shall meet a - gain, On a



mem'ries en - dearing, Oft shall this scene re - new, And kind thoughts we will cher - ish, Ev - er to friendship true.
 price for the vic - tor, Then may we meet a - gain, There we'll greet you re - joic - ing, On the fair heav'ly plain.
 lead thro' earth's darkness, Lead us to perfect day, Where the wise and the ho - ly, Dwell in perfect day.
 fair, blissful morning When we our home shall gain, Where no tears are nor sad - ness, There we shall meet again.



ANOTHER HAND IS BECKONING US.

J. G. WHITTIER.

WM T. ROGERS.

1. A - nother hand is beckoning us, A - nother call is given, And glows once more with
 2. No paling of the cheek of bloom, Fore - warned us of decay, No shadow from the

an - gel step, The path which reaches Heav'n, Our young and gentle friend whose smile, Made
 si - lent land, Fell 'round our si - lent way, The light of her young life went down, As

brighter summer hours, A - mid the frosts of autumn time Has left us, with the flow'rs.
 sinks behind the hill, The glo - ry of a setting star, Clear, sudden - ly and still.

3. We miss her in the place of prayer,
 And by the hearth fire's light;
 We pause beside her door to hear,
 Once more her sweet "good night!"
 There seems a shadow on the day,
 Her smile no longer cheers;
 A dimness on the stars of night,
 Like eyes that look through tears,

4. Alone unto our Father's will,
 One thought hath reconciled,
 That He whose love exceedeth ours,
 Hath taken homē his child,
 Fold her, on Father in thine arms,
 And let her henceforth be
 A messenger of love between,
 Our human hearts and thee,

GOLDEN VISION.

Words by PEABODY.

137

Dr. J. D. VINTON.



1. Be - hold the west-ern evening light! It melts in deep - er gloom; So calm, the right - eous
2. How beau - ti - ful on all the hills, The crim-son light is shed, 'Tis like the peace the
3. And lo! a - bove the dews of night, The ves - per star ap-pears; So faith lights up the



sink a - way, De - scending to the tomb. The winds breathe low—the yellow leaf Scarce whisper
dy - ing gives, To mourners round his bed. How mild - ly on the wandering cloud The sunset
mourner's heart, Whose eyes are dim with tears. Night falls, but soon the morning light, Its glories



from the tree! So gent - ly flows the part - ing breath, When good men cease to be.
beam is cast; So sweet the mem' - ry left be - hind, When lov'd ones breathe their last.
shall ro - store; And thus the eyes that sleep in death, Shall wake to close no more.



THE TEMPERANCE ARMY.

In march time.

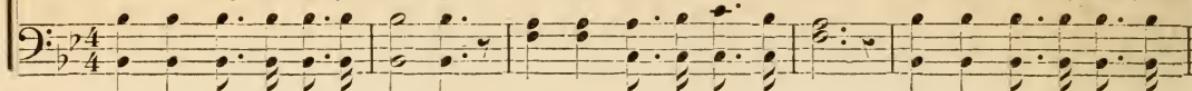
J. M. KIEFFER.



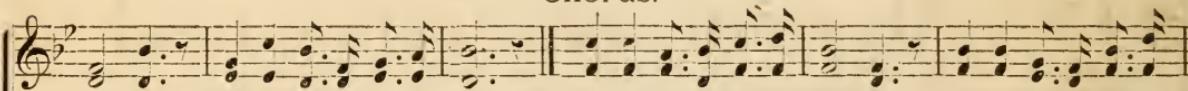
1. Now the temp'rance army's marching,
2. Now the temp'rance army's marching,
3. Now the temp'rance army's marching,
4. Now the temp'rance army's marching,

Firm and steady is their tread;
 Next the young men come the youths;
 With the children in the rear;
 See their banners how they wave;

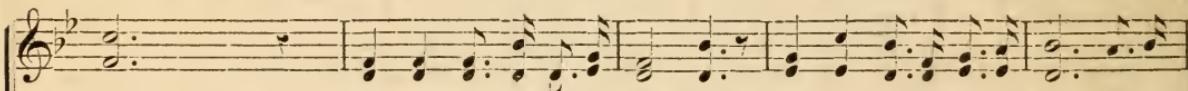
See! the veterans they are
 Shouting loud, "We'll save the
 They're resolved to fight and
 Love, their mot - to, Christ, their



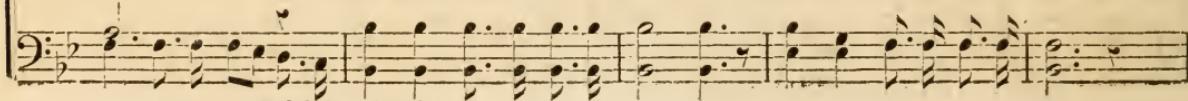
Chorus.



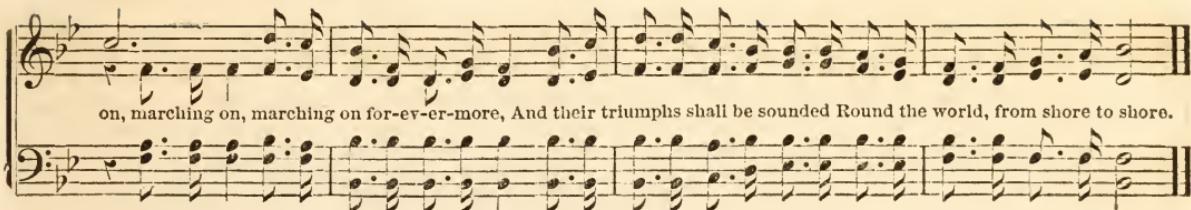
leading, Marching boldly at the head. "Now the temp'rance army's marching, And will march for ev-er -
 drunkard, And we'll teach Him holier truths.
 conquer, And to live in ho - ly fear.
 captain, Drunkards they're resolved to save.



more. And their triumphs shall be soun - ded Round the world, from shore to shore. Marching



ever more, And their triumphs



THE BROOKLET.

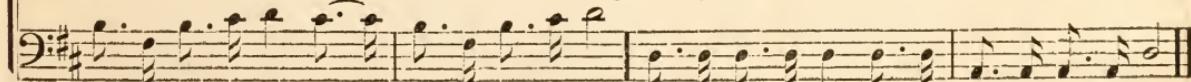
A. N. JOHNSON.



1. See the merry brooklet dancing on its way, With its green and mossy banks, deck'd with flow'rs gay;
2. Willows waving o'er it, cool at noon-time heat, There both rest and quiet our wearied senses feel,



Winds may wail above it, with chorus wild and strong, Still it ev-er singeth its sweet enchanting song.
Free from care and turmoil, and the world's sad throng, Thoughts of God and Heaven, mingle with the song.



3. May our lives be ever, like this brooklet gay,
Free, from care and sorrow, naught to cloud our way,
But if clouds should lower, and storms should over cast,
Trust we then our Father, there's rest and peace at last.

4. If we love and serve Him, while we're here below,
Nothing then can harm us, trustingly we go.
He will guide us safely 'till our lives are o'er.
Then we'll join the angels, safe forever-more.

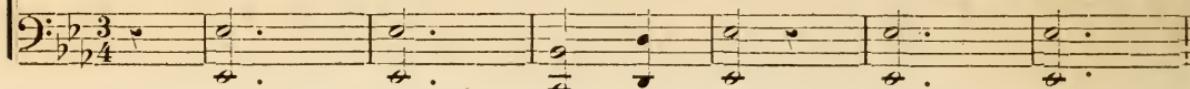
CHARITY.

Written by CHARLES JEFFFRYS.

Composed by STEPHEN GLOVER.



1. Meek and low-ly, pure and ho - ly, Chief a - mong the "blessed three." Turning sadness in-to gladness, Heav'n born
 2. Hop - ing ev - er, fail - ing nev - er, Tho' deceiv'd, be - liev-ing still; Long a - bid-ing, all con - fid-ing, To thy

*rall.**a tempo.*

art thou, Char - i - ty! Pit - y dwelleth in thy bo - som, Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart, Gen - tle
 heav'nly Father's will; Nev - er wea - ry of well - do - ing, Nev - er fear - ful of the end; Calming



thoughts a - lone can sway thee, Judgment hath in thee no part. Meek and low - ly, pure and ho - ly, Chief a -
 all mankind as brothers, Thou dost all a - like be - friend. Meek and low - ly, &c.





mong the "blessed three," Turning sad-ness in - to glad - ness, Heav'n-born art thou, Char - i - ty.



IN THE UPPER FOLD.

LIZZIE S. BURK.



1. Two lit - tle lambs in the up - per fold, From the heat of sum-mer and win - ter cold, And
2. Two lit - tle dar-lings whose pat - ring feet, With the prophets of old tread the gold - en street; Or
3. Two lit - tle an - gels that on - ly come,Earthward to murmur their moth - er's name; Thus
4. Two lit - tle lambs from all sor - row free,Through out the years of e - ter - ni - ty, From the



safe from earth's guiles and its dreams un - true, Yes, two lit - tle lambs are now wait - ing for you.
 wan - der for - ev - er 'mid E - den's bow'rs, There wait - ing for you thro' the gold - en hours.
 turn - ing her head to the land a - bove, In brok - en ac - cents of in - fant love.
 heat of summer and win - ter cold, Are wait - ing for you in the up - per fold.



Words and Music by
SEMI-CHORUS.

Dr. J. D. VINTON.

1. Oh, come and sing with gladness, A happy day is here; Let ev'-ry soul a-

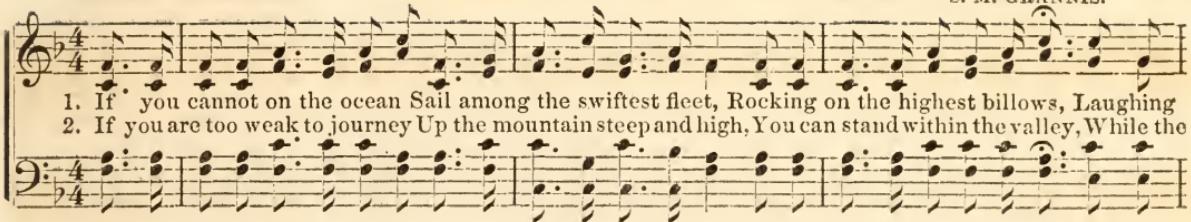
2. Oh, bless the Lord who bears us So safe - ly thro' each fear, And fills our hearts with

wak-ing, Now shout a Hap-py New Year. A Hap-py New Year, a Hap-py New Year, We
gladness, To swell a Hap-py New Year.

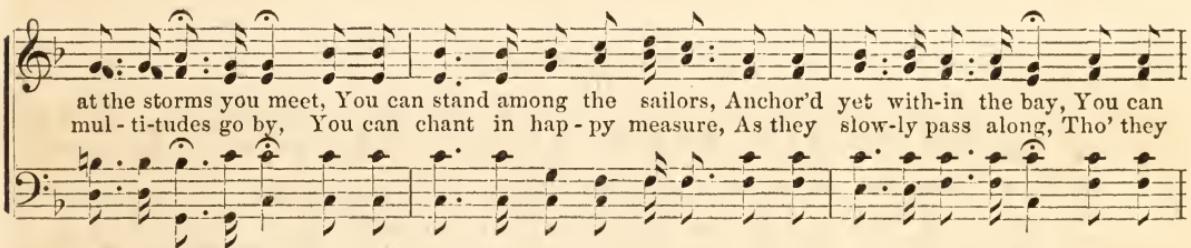
wish you a Hap-py New Year; Let ev'- ry soul, a - wak-ing, Now shout a Happy New Year.

3 In view of countless blessings
Which every day appear,
Again we'll raise our voices,
And sing a Happy New Year!
CHORUS.— A Happy New Year, &c.

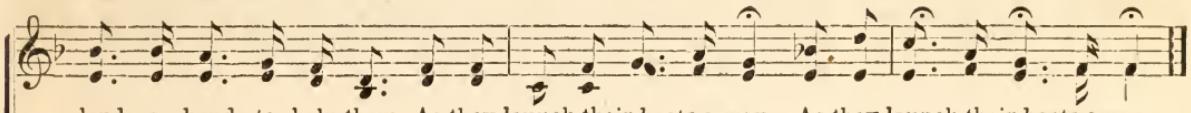
4 Oh let us live for Jesus,
And trust him without fear;
Then, mingled with his praises,
Shall rise our Happy New Year;
CHORUS.— A Happy New Year, &c.



1. If you cannot on the ocean Sail among the swiftest fleet, Rocking on the highest billows, Laughing
 2. If you are too weak to journey Up the mountain steep and high, You can stand within the valley, While the



at the storms you meet, You can stand among the sailors, Anchor'd yet with-in the bay, You can
 mul-ti-tudes go by, You can chant in hap-py measure, As they slow-ly pass along, Tho' they



lend a hand to help them, As they launch their boats a-way, As they launch their boats away.
 may for-get the sin-ger, They will not for-get the song, They will not for-get the song.



3 If you have not gold and silver
 Ever ready to command,
 If you cannot towards the needy
 Reach an ever open hand,
 You can visit the afflicted,
 O'er the erring you can weep,
 You can be a true disciple,
 ::Sitting at the Savior's feet.::

4 If you cannot in the conflict
 Prove yourself a soldier true,
 If where fire and smoke are thickest,
 There's no work for you to do;
 When the battle field is silent,
 You can go with careful tread,
 You can bear away the wounded,
 ::You can cover up the dead.::

5 Do not then stand idly waiting,
 For some greater work to do,
 Fortune is a lazy goddess,
 She will never come to you.
 Go and toil in any vineyard,
 Do not fear to do or dare,
 If you want a field of labor,
 ::You can find it anywhere.::

Words by Mrs. M. A. GREEN.

Music by J. M. KIEFFER.

Re - joice and be joy - ful, ye children of men, The birthday of Je - sus re - turn-eth again; With

sweetest ho-san-nas, we welcome the morn, When an-gels proclaim'd that a Sa - vior was born

SOLO.

Then hosts . . . of bright an - gels, to her - - ald His birth . . . Came down . . and their

f

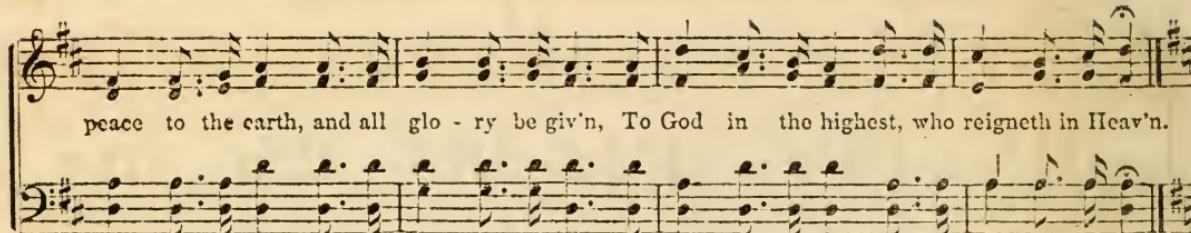
song was re-echo - ed on earth; All glo - ry to God in the high - est be

p

given, Peace, peace to the earth, and the fa - vor of Heav - en!

CHORUS.

Then join in the anthem, ye children of men, 'Till earth's farthest corner repeats it again; Peace,



peace to the earth, and all glo - ry be giv'n, To God in the highest, who reigneth in Heav'n.

DUET.



Oh, beautiful seraphs! oh, children of light! Fair spirits resplendent, in vestments of white! How



swift were your pinions, glad tidings to bring! How joyful your anthems in praise to your King!

REJOICE AND BE JOYFUL. Concluded.

147

CHORUS.

Then re - joice and be joy - ful, ye children of men, The birthday of Je - sus re - turn-eth again; With

sweetest ho-san-nas, we welcome the morn, When an-gels proclaim'd that a Sa - vior was born.

FULL CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - jah, A - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Amen, Amen.

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men,

Hal - le - lu - jah.

Hal - le - lu - jah.

Hal - le - lu - jah.

A - men, A - men.

WHAT DO THE ANGELS DREAM OF, MOTHER?

Melody by CHARLES GOUNOD.

Arranged by J. M. K.

1. What do the an - gels dream of, Mother? What do they dream in their sleep at night? When they come home, and their
 2. Par - a-dise knows no night nor dreaming; An - gels my child slumber not, nor sleep! But when on earth our

wings are fold - ed, Wea - ry with many a star - ry flight, Do they seek for innumor - tal flowers.
 eyes are closing, O'er us, unwearied, their bright watch keep, As they mark on our quiv'ring eye,

Fan - cy led thro' E - den's bow'rs? Or dream of our dark earth with pain, Breathe a pray'r and sleep again?
 Tears, the cold world ne'er can dry, O, then they fain would waft us home, Where no care nor sorrows come!

WHAT DO THE ANGELS DREAM OF, MOTHER? Concluded. 149

Not such, an an - gel's dream, my child.
That is an an - gel's dream, my child,
Ah, no not such is an an - gel's dream.
Pi - ty and love are the an - gel's dream.

MY GOD, I WAIT FOR THEE.

Words by Rev Dr. COLVER.

H. D. MUNSON.

1. My God, I wait for Thee, My work on earth seems done; I long my Father's face to see, Nor
2. My God, I wait for Thee, My time of toil is o'er, There is a rest remains for me, On
less Thine on-ly Son. My God I wait for Thee, My God I wait for Thee.
Canaan's happy shore. I wait,

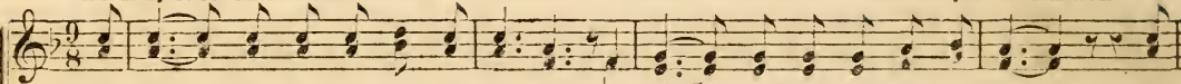
3. My God, I wait for Thee:
Oh! when will Jesus come?
A mansion is prepared for me,
Haste, Lord, and bring me home.

4. My God, I wait for Thee,
Nor murmur at my pains:
But long to soar with Christ away,
Where life eternal reigns.

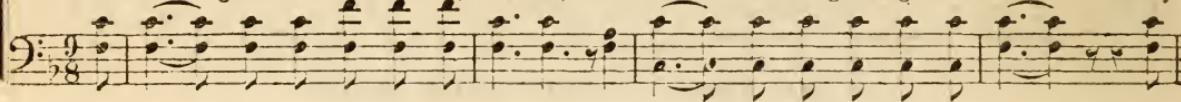
THE ANGELS ARE CALLING.

Words by J. M. CRAWFORD.

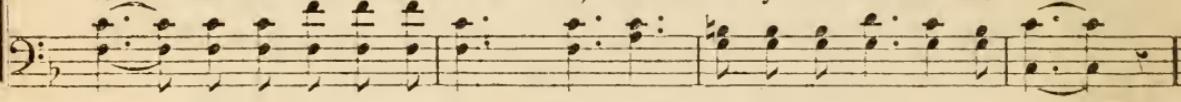
Music by C. H. CARROL.



1. The an - gels are call - ing me sis - ter, They beck - on me o - ver the sea, And
 2. The an - gels are call - ing me sis - ter, To join their mel - o - di - ous band; I
 3. The an - gels are call - ing dear sis - ter To leave the dear friends of this night, To
 4. The an - gels have come for me, sis - ter, And now I am go - ing to thee They

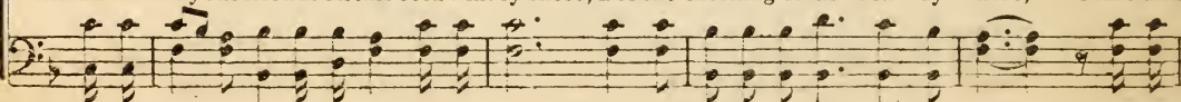


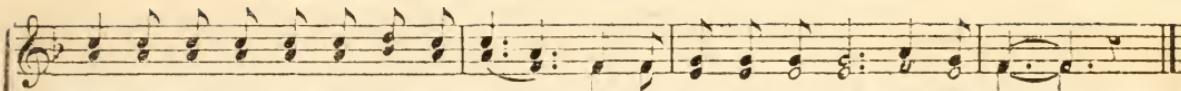
anx - ious are wait - ing dear sis - ter, To bear me to heav - en and thee.
 hear their sweet voi - ces dear sis - ter, A - way in that bright hap - py land.
 join in your mu - sic dear sis - ter, And with thee share heav - en - ly light.
 bear me to heav - en dear sis - ter, And car - ry me o - ver the sea.



'Then I'd stay no more mid the cares of this life, For the storms of this earth will rage long,
 Then I'd leave this earth when the tidings come in, From above, that my mis - sion is won,
 Then I'd flee to thee when the morning has come, That my way may be light-ed and bright,
 Then I'd leave your friends on this cold wint'ry shore, For the morning is al - rea - dy here,

But would
 When the
 When the
 Come and



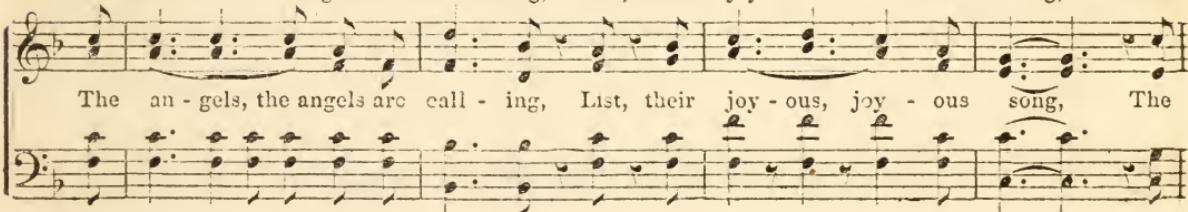


haste a - way from my sin and my strife, To the land of per - pet - u - al song.
 morning call will have freed me from sin, And the will of my fath - er is done.
 morning sun may en - liv - en the home, That will dark - en be - cause of my flight.
 meet me then when your life will be o'er, In that land where is known not a tear.

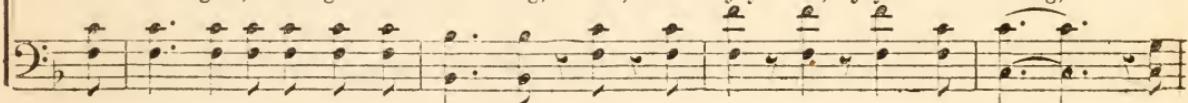


Chorus.

The an - - - gels are call - ing, List, their joy - - - - - ous song, The



The an - gels, the angels are call - ing, List, their joy - ous, joy - ous song, The



an - - - gels are call - ing, To their home in the sky.



an - gels the an - gels are call - ing, To their beauti - ful, beau - ti - ful home in the sky.



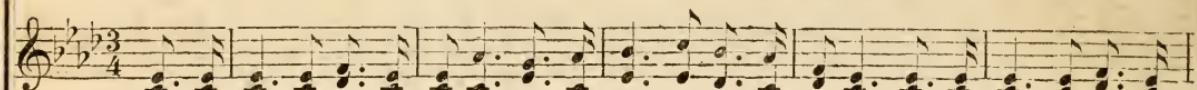
WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT THE CHILDREN. Quartet.

Composed and respectfully dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. E. G. LOOMIS. Wadsworth, Ohio, by J. M. KIEFFER.

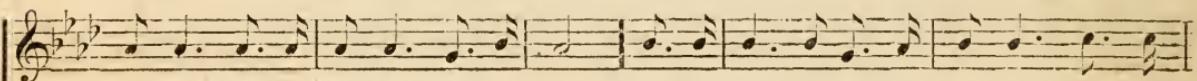
With Expression.



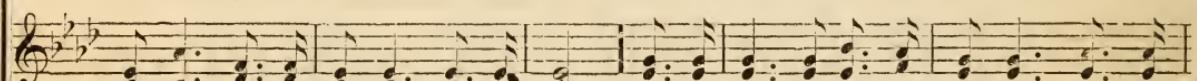
1. O the wea - ry, solemn silence Of a house with-out the children! O, the strange oppressive
2. Strange it is to wake at midnight, And not hear the children breathing, Nothing but the old clock



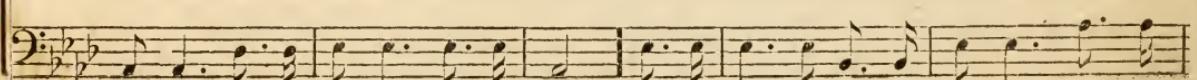
3. What is home without the children? 'Tis the earth without its verdure, And the sky without its



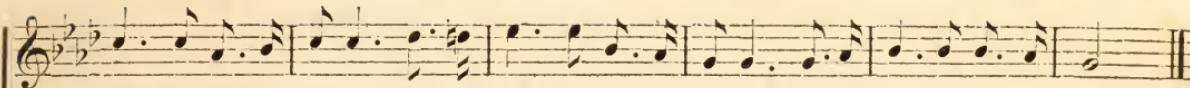
stillness Where the children come no more; Ah! the long - ing of the sleepless For the
tick-ing, Tick-ing, tick-ing, at the door, Strange to see the lit - tle dress - es Hanging



sunshine, Life is withered to the core; So we'll leave this dreary de - sert, And we'll



WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT THE CHILDREN. Concluded. 153



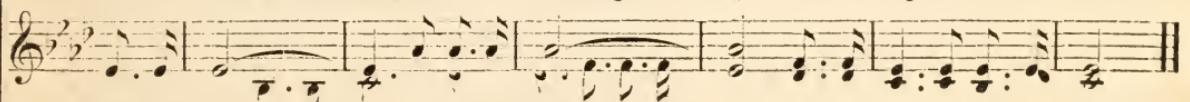
soft arms of the children, Ah! the long - ing for the fa-ces, Fa-ces gone for ev - er more;
up there all the morning; And the gai - ters, ah! their patter, We will hear it nev-er more,



fol - low the Good Shepherd To the green-er pastures vernal Where the lambs have gone before,



Fa - ces gone for-ev - er more, Peeping through the o-pen door.
We will hear it nev - er more, On our mirth-for-sa-ken floor.
Where the lambs have gone before, With the shepherd ev - er more.



Fa - ces gone for ev - er more.
We will hear it nev - er more,
Where the lambs have gone be - fore,



Fa - ces gone for - ev - er more,
We will hear it nev - er more,
Where the lambs have gone be - fore,

ONLY WAITING.

KARL REDEX.

An aged Christian being asked what he was doing, replied: "Only Waiting."

walt - ing till the shadows Are a lit - tle long - er grown, On - ly wait - ing till the
 wait - ing till the reap-ers Have the last sheaf gath - er'd home, For the summer - time is
 wait - ing till the an - gels O - pen wide the mys - tic gate, At whose feet I long have
 wait - ing till the shadows Are a lit - tle long - er grown, On - ly wait - ing till the

Chorus.

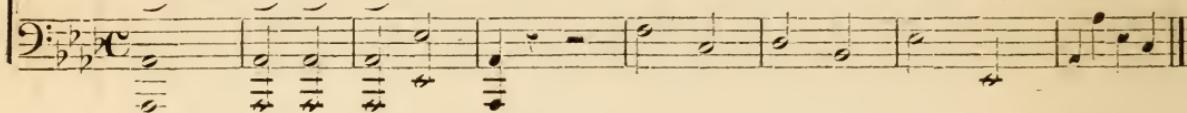
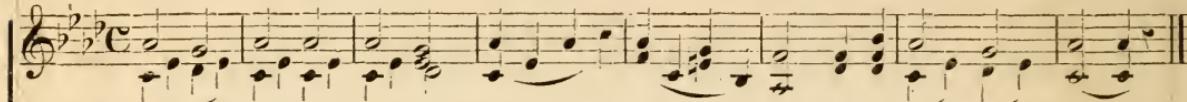
glim - mer of the day's last beam is flown. On - ly wait - ing till the shad - ows Are a
 fad - ed, And the autumn winds have come.
 lingered, Wea - ry, poor and des - o - late.
 glim - mer Of the day's last beam is flown.

lit - tle long - er grown, On - ly wait - ing till the glim - mer Of the day's last beam is flown.

CLOSING ANTHEM. God of Israel.

SOLO.

A. MINE.



Chorus,

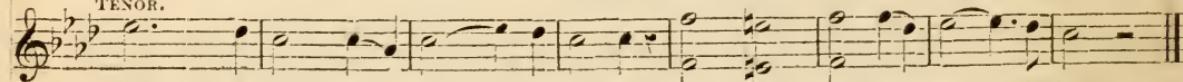
SOPRANO.



ALTO.

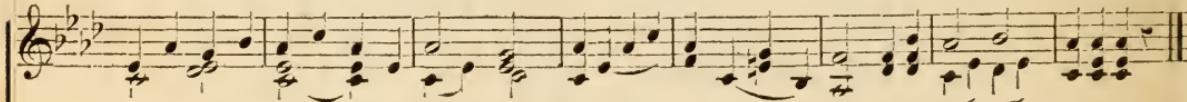
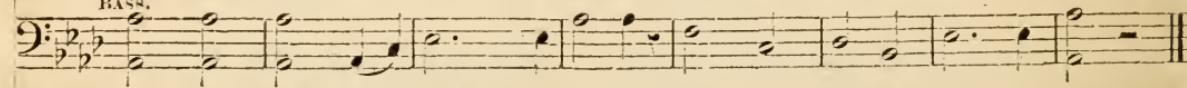
God of Is - rael, we a - dore thee, Thou hast kept us through the day.

TENOR.



BASS.

God of Is - rael, we a - dore thee, Thou hast kept us through the day.



SOLO.

Safe - ly keep us through the night, Guard us 'till the morn - ing light.

Chorus.

SOPRANO.

Nor for - sake us, 'till thou take us, Far from earth to dwell with thee,

ALTO.
TENOR.

Nor for - sake us, 'till thou take us, Far from earth to dwell with thee,

BASS.

Nor for - sake us, 'till thou take us, Far from earth to dwell with thee,

Nor for - sake us, 'till thou take us, Far from earth to dwell with thee,

Nor for - sake us, 'till thou take us, Far from earth to dwell with thee,

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here be - low;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fath-er, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. Chant.

J. M. K.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven;

2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive for thine is the kingdom and the power, and the glory.. for- evcr..... A- men.

3. And lead us not into temp- tation, but deliver us....from evill; them that trespass....a - gainstus:

CONTENTS.

PAGE.	PAGE.		
Abide with us.....	134	Cross before the Crown.....	79
A bugle note.....	49	Crystal Sea	53
Ah this life, 'tis but a vapor.....	15	Crystal Tide.....	126
And can I yet delay.....	93	Dare and do.....	37
Angels are calling	150	Dear Children.....	64
Another hand is beckoning us.....	136	Father take my hand.....	125
A penny a day.....	132	Gentle Shepherd	66
Beautiful Mansions.....	116	Give freely	19
Beautiful Sabbath.....	28	God is ever good	20
Beautiful Shore.....	96	God of Israel.....	156
Blessed are they.....	103	God's blessed book, the Bible.....	91
Blessed Savior.....	42	Golden Vision.....	137
Brooklet (The).....	139	Gospel Banner.....	89
By and By.....	130	Happy New Year.....	142
By cool Siloam's shady rill.....	31	Have mercy on me.....	111
Bugle note.....	49	Hear the Angels sing.....	98
Buy the truth	23	Heaven	84
Calm on the listening ear of night.....	9	Heavenly longing.....	131
Charity.....	140	He loved me so	35
Christian Warfare.....	70	Help us Oh Lord	121
Christmas.....	46	Hosanna, (Anniversary Song).....	129
City of God.....	108	How loving is Jesus.....	32
Closing Anthem.....	156	Hymn of Praise.....	105
Come away to the Sabbath School.....	62	I am waiting by the river.....	118
Come and bless us.....	26	If I come to Jesus.....	11
Coming to the Savior.....	113	I'll sing for Jesus.....	114
Come into Christ's Army.....	60	In the upper fold.....	141
Come to me Savior	16	Is there one for me.....	55
Come unto me.....	92	Jesus came.....	127
Come unto me.....	56	Jesus I am never weary	75
Come up higher.....	90	Jesus loves you.....	74
Contrition.....	40	Jesus we love to r- ^{et}	5

	PAGE.	PAGE.	
Lamb of God.....	119	Savior Thou hast bid me come	24
Land of rest.....	45	Seeking for mercy.....	115
Let every heart rejoice and sing.....	124	Seek the Shepherd.....	99
Life's answer.....	94	Shepherd of tender Youth.....	82
Light of the World.....	41	Shining ones of the better land.....	8
Little Lambs.....	76	Shout the tidings of Salvation.....	88
Little Sins.....	102	Solemn Question.....	68
Lord will provide.....	83	Stand up for Jesus.....	71
Lord my Shepherd is.....	65	Star in the East.....	58
Lord's Prayer.....	158	Sweet Sabbath Day.....	18
Lost sinner found.....	57	Talents ..	110
Loving Call.....	78	Temperance Army.....	138
Loving Jesus.....	72	There is light beyond the hills.....	100
Love the Savior.....	47	There is no friend like Jesus.....	30
Marching Home.....	25	There'll be no parting there.....	107
Millennium' Hymn.....	51	Trust in God.....	123
My God I wait for Thee.....	149	Two Homes.....	80
Nearer Home.....	10	Unfur the Gospel Banner.....	43
No night in Heaven.....	97	Voice of Triumph.....	22
Oh Sun of joy.....	81	Wake the loud ringing chorus.....	135
Oh welcome the day.....	69	Waiting by the river.....	67
Old Hundred.....	158	Waiting for me.....	42
Only Waiting.....	154	Waver not.....	61
On this pleasant Sabbath day.....	7	Way of Holiness.....	17
Our Happy Home.....	50	We are sailing o'er life's ocean.....	4
Our Sabbath Home.....	73	We'll not give up the Bible.....	44
Pilgrim Band.....	52	Welcome Sabbath Morning.....	13
Praise the Savior.....	38	We shout the wondrous story.....	54
Prayer of Youth.....	120	What can I give to Jesus	34
Penny a day.....	132	What do the Angels dream of Mother.....	148
Rejoice and be joyful.....	144	What is home without the children.....	152
Remember me.....	128	What must it be to be there.....	6
Repose.....	27	When brightly breaks the Morning.....	36
Rest.....	122	When shall I wear a golden Crown.....	104
Reunion in Heaven.....	116	When we cross the Crystal river.....	86
Room for Jesus.....	48	Words are things of little cost.....	14
Sabbath Morn.....	101	Work ..	112
Sabbath School Hymn.....	21	Work for Jesus.....	62
Savior bids you come.....	109	World of Light.....	32
Savior blessed Savior.....	77	You may enter in	106
Savior's Praise.....	79	Youth.....	95
Savior's Praise we sing.....	3	Your Mission.....	143

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